

LETTERS

OF MADAME DE

RABUTIN CHANTAL,

Marchioness de SEVIGNE',

TO THE

Comtess de CRIGNAN,

Her Daughter.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Translated from the FRENCH.

L O N D O N:

Printed for N. BLANDFORD, at the
London-Gazette, Charing-Cross.

M DCC XXVII.

LETTERS

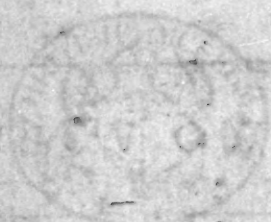
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AMERICAN CHURCH

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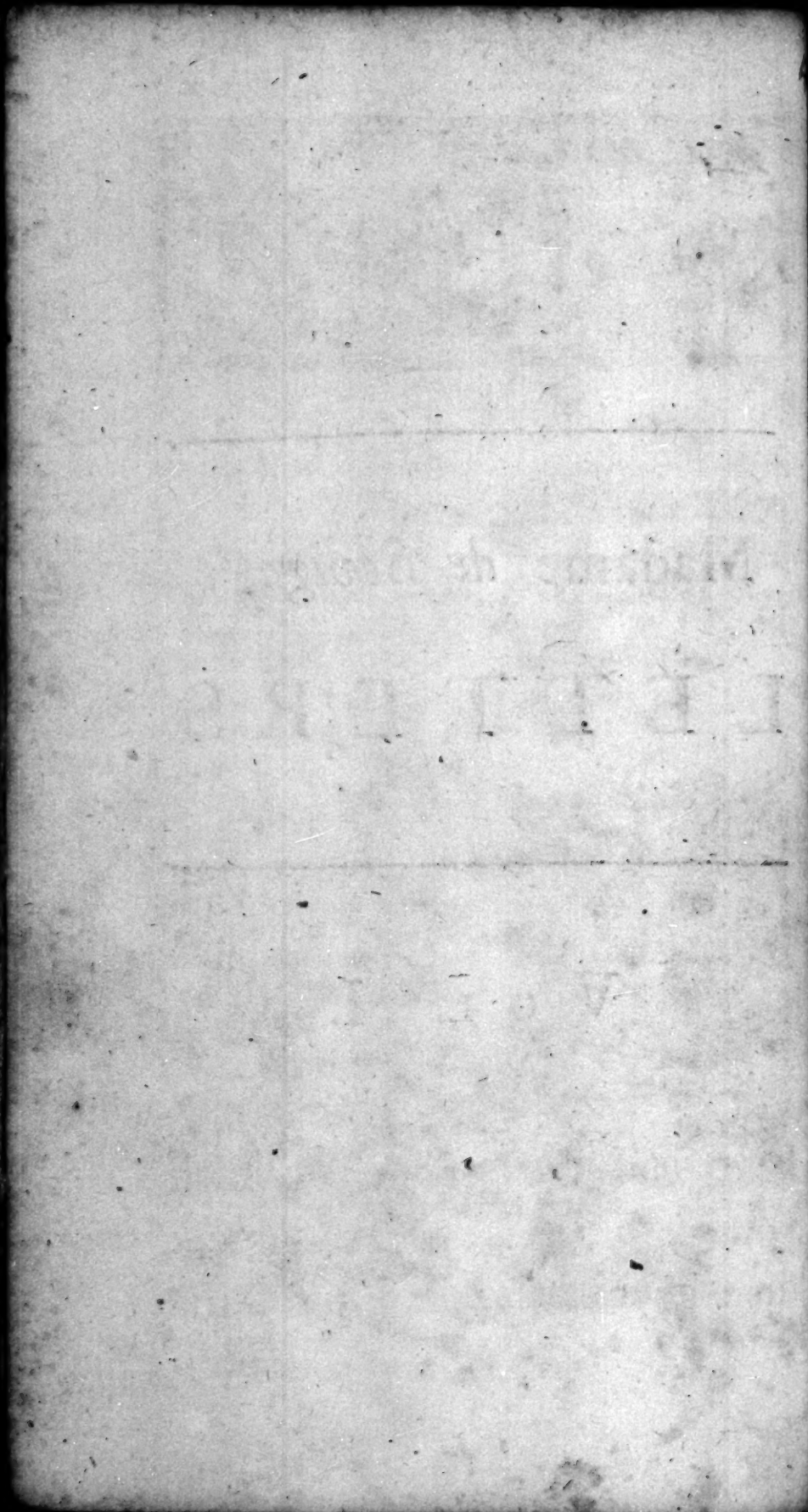
AMERICAN CHURCH



AMERICAN CHURCH

Madame *de Sevigné's*
LETTERS.

V O L. I.





TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The LADY * * * *.

I BEG Leave to
inscribe to your
Ladyship the
following Col-
lection of Let-
ters, which I
have had the Honour to send
you singly, as an Entertainment
during your Recess, into the
A 3 Coun-

vj DEDICATION.

Country. Never was a more pleasing Task enjoyned, than that of translating these amusing Pieces: Never was a Summer passed more agreeably, in your Absence, than this; a Part of which I have had the Pleasure to spend, in writing so many entertaining Things to you, without the Labour of Invention; and in copying so many Graces, with the same Ease they were first produced. If we were always favoured with such Commands, we should cease to complain of the Rigour of your Sex.

This

DEDICATION. vij

This elegant Employment was the more pleasing, as it entitled me to the Privilege of a Correspondence with you, which I fear you would not have permitted me on any other Foot. I had the Satisfaction to believe, and that without Vanity, that every Return of the Post was expected with Impatience ; and that these welcome Billets were received by you with the same Transport, as by the Lady they were first addressed to.

A 4

As

viii DEDICATION.

As they have already given you so much Amusement in a rural Retreat, while they were confined to your Cabinet ; they will, perhaps, now they are published, afford you a Diversion of a different Kind, in the Circle, or in the Assembly. It is easy to foresee, that the celebrated Productions of a Lady of the Rank and Character of *Madame de Sevigné*, will be frequently made a Subject of Discourse in the best Company ; and that a Turn of Wit so new and peculiar, which will be rightly tasted by few, will be

DEDICATION. ix

be often admired, and often censured, so unskilfully, as to furnish a Scene of exquisite Comedy to so good a Judge as your Ladyship. And it will not be unpleasant to observe, that none will, perhaps, be more mistaken in their Judgment of it, than many of the professed Wits and Criticks, who are, of all others, the greatest Strangers to a Manner of Writing, the peculiar Grace of which consists in its being easy and unforced.

As these Letters from a Mother to her Daughter are a

A 5

Kind

X DEDICATION.

Kind of Family-Pieces, in which the softer Affections, which make the true Excellency of Female Life, are represented in their native Beauty ; so the extreme Tendernefs and Delicacy of Sentiment that runs through them, may make a farther Discovery to your Ladyship, that fuch of your Acquaintance, as are little touched by them, are very defective in thefe Virtues, and very little qualified for your Friendship. And the gay Tribe, who will, perhaps, affect to ridicule this tender Mother, will not only betray their Ignorance

DEDICATION. xj

norance of that fine Maxim
she has laid down, *That the
Measure of the Merit of a Heart,
is it's Capacity of loving*; but
they will give an evident De-
monstration that it is such a
Test as they cannot stand.

I am,

with the greatest Respect,

Your Ladyship's

most Obedient

Humble Servant.

T H E

THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF NEW YORK

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT

TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY J. B. H. H. H.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

NEW YORK

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THE
P R E F A C E
O F
Mr. *de Buffy.*



THE Letters, presented to the Publick in this Collection, deserve that something should be said to the Readers, of the Person who writ them, and of her to whom they were written.

Mari?

Marie de Rabutin Chantal, the only Remainder of the eldest Branch of the House of *Rabutin*, was the only Daughter of *Celse de Rabutin*, Baron *de Chantal*, one of the most accomplished Cavaliers and the bravest Men of his Time, and of *Marie de Coulanges*.

The Baron *de Chantal* was the Son of *Jeanne Frémiot*, so much celebrated for her pious Life, and for having been the first Foundress of the Order of the *Visitation*.

The Baron *de Chantal* was killed, at the Age of Thirty Years, at the Descent of the *English* in the Isle of *Rhéé*, at the Head of a Squadron of Volunteers whom he commanded.

He

He left *Marie de Rabutin* his Daughter in her Cradle, who was afterwards married, at the Age of Eighteen Years, to *Henri Marquis de Sevigné*, of one of the most ancient Houses of *Bretagne*. Though *Sevigné* passed for a Man of good Taste, yet the Graces of her Mind and Person, which Heaven had poured with such Profusion on his Wife, were not sufficient to fix his inconstant Humour. He loved every where, and yet never loved any thing so amiable as her. However, she never loved any One besides him, neither before nor after his Death; which happened not long after their Marriage, in a single Combat with the Chevalier *d'Albret*.

Madame

Madame *de Sevigné* was extremely touched with this Loss ; and what determined her not to marry again, tho' she was young and rich, so full of Charms, and so much courted, was doubtless the Fear of finding such another Ungrateful. To this was added, the Tenderneſs ſhe had for a Son and a Daughter, whom her Husband had left her. This amiable Daughter, worthy of all the Tenderneſs her Mother has expreſſed for her in the Letters which compose this Collection, was *François de Sèvigné*.

She was married to *François Ademar de Monteil*, Comte de Grignan, Chevalier des Ordres du Roy, Lieutenant General, Commander in *Provence*.

Madame

P R E F A C E. xvij

Madame *de Sevigné*, assisted by Nature, rendered Mademoiselle *de Sevigné*, since Comtess *de Grignan*, the most accomplish'd Woman in *France*.

It is proper farther to acquaint the Reader, that at the Beginning of the War with *Holland*, the King, esteeming the Duke *de Vendôme*, who was Governour of *Provence*, too young to be entrusted with the Care of that Province, gave Orders to the Comte *de Grignan* to command there, and upon that Coast.

This Order occasioned the Absence of Madame *de Grignan*, and her Removal to so great a Distance; and was the Cause of all the Grief and Inquietude of Madame *de Sevigné*; who had counted on it, that by marrying her to a Man of the Court,

Court, she should never be separated from her one Instant : And this Separation, cruel for so tender a Mother, gave Birth to the following Letters.

Tho' it be not permitted to praise the Living, it is, however, just to acquaint the World, that *Pauline de Grignan*, of whom Madame *de Sevigné* had such advantageous Thoughts, is the same Marquis *de Simiane*, to whom the Reader owes the agreeable Moments he will pass in reading the Letters of her Grandmother ; and that she is the last remaining Branch of the Family of *Rabutin Chantal*, of the House of *Sevigné*, and of the last Marriage of the Comte *de Grignan* ; the Heiress of the good Qualities, and the Estates of these three Houses.

*A LETTER of Madame
la Marquise de Semiane to
the Comte de Buffy, sent him
with the Collection she had made
of the LETTERS of Madame
de Sevigné, her Grandmother.*

THIS is not a Letter, my dear Cousin. I desire you not to read it upon that Foot. I hope I shall never be guilty of so much Vanity, as to joyn a Letter of mine to those I send you. Consider this, if you please, as a *Preface* ; and as Pieces of that Kind are seldom good, I hope this will find the greater Indulgence from you.

However, you are not to expect here an Author upon his Knees, in
an

an humble Preface, asking Pardon of the Reader for what he is to suffer from his Dullness; I look for Acknowledgments of a very different Kind. You know, my dear Cousin, or, if I am speaking to an indifferent Reader, he ought to be informed, that he will see here a Mother, who writes to her Daughter all that she thinks, and in the same Manner as she thinks it, without in the least imagining, that her Letters would ever fall into any other Hands but hers. Her Stile, tho' negligent and sometimes without Connexion, is yet so agreeable and so natural, that I cannot but believe it will be infinitely entertaining to such Readers who have a good Taste and a Knowledge of the World.

It would much add to this Entertainment, if we could produce the Key to a thousand Things alluded to by the Persons who maintained this Correspondence, the Knowledge of which can only prevent what is most exquisite in many agreeable Passages from being lost. I cannot at present furnish such a Key ; but an intelligent and attentive Reader may in a great measure supply this Defect, and seldom fail to discover, by a happy Conjecture, what is intimated by each pleasant tho' ambiguous Allusion.

As these Letters were only designed to pass through the Hands of these two Ladies, they did not disguise by any Cypher, or any borrowed Names, any thing they desired
to .

to acquaint each other with : And as they found nothing in all the Words and Actions of the late King, but what was great and just, they spoke of it with the utmost Liberty, without fearing that their Letters might be intercepted.

Tho' the Stile of these Letters has such an easy Turn, and is so very natural and simple in Appearance, it is however sufficiently raised and varied with elegant and beautiful Metaphors, to charm the Imagination, and to employ the Attention of a Reader. And besides these Beauties of a lighter Kind, which contribute only to Pleasantry and Amusement, they are filled with such just and well-grounded Maxims and Observations, so artfully and so agreeably interspersed, that they may
be

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be very useful to young Persons, and even to the Generality of those of a more advanced Age, and greater Experience in the World.

I desire you, my dear Cousin, to accept of what I can send you for the present. The Remainder appeared to me too much mingled with domestick Affairs : But this Remainder is not less beautiful than what I have sent you ; and I almost regret the Concealment of it. In the mean while, I have made Choice of a select Number of Letters, which I hope you will read with Pleasure: If I can obtain this End, I shall so little lament the Time I have employed in it, that I shall continue to search after other Pieces of the same Kind to entertain you with. But if I should be so happy as to have it
in

in my Power to add to these Letters the Answers of my Mother, should you not be contented, my dear Cousin; or should you think, that after this there would be any thing farther to be desired?

E R R A T A. V O L. I.

- P*age 2. *L.* 10. *for* Hauterive, *read* Hauterive.
P. 11. *l.* 7. *f.* Muns, *r.* Mans.
P. 25. *l.* 18. *f.* Trappe, *r.* La Trape.
P. 39. *l.* 5. *f.* Ceatures, *r.* Creatures.
P. 43. *l.* 9. *f.* his, *r.* this.
P. 53. *l.* 3. *dele* from her Couch of State.
P. 16. *l.* 17. *f.* with, *r.* to.
Ibid. *l.* 18. *f.* with, *r.* to.
P. 133. *l.* 13. *f.* Morrow, *r.* good Morrow.
P. 163. *l.* 32. *f.* Their, *r.* The.
P. 182. *l.* 23. *f.* Keep your own, *r.* Keep to your own.

V O L. II.

- P.* 10. *l.* 33. *f.* Frasé, *r.* to Frasé.
P. 91. *l.* 33. *f.* this, *r.* his.
P. 93. *l.* 23. *f.* Gouvernour, *r.* Gouvernours.
P. 112. *l.* 30. *f.* Room, *r.* Rome.
P. 169. *l.* 16. *f.* Bourget, *r.* Bourges.
P. 201. *l.* 16. *f.* Mr. de Chaulnes, *r.* M. the Duke de Chaulnes.

L E T.



LETTERS.

LETTER I.

To Monsieur De COULANGES.

Paris, Monday, Decemb. 15, 1670.

I AM going to tell you a Thing the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most wonderful, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most amazing, the most unheard of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unforeseen, the most grand, the most inconsiderable, the most rare, the most common, the most famed, the
B most

Tho' the four Letters following are not address'd to Madame de Grignan it was thought proper to insert them in this Collection, where they are placed according to their Date.

most secret till this Day, the most illustrious, the most worthy of Envy ; in a Word, a Thing, but one single Example of which is to be found in former Ages, and even that Example is not just. A Thing which we cannot believe at *Paris* ; how will it be believed at *Lyons* ! A Thing which fills the whole World with Exclamations : A Thing which overwhelms with Joy Madame *de Roban* and Madame *de Hauterive* : A Thing which will be done on *Sunday*, when they who see it, will believe they see an Illusion : A Thing which will be done on *Sunday*, and which perhaps will not be done on *Monday*. I have not Resolution to speak it out : You must divine it ; I give you three Days ; but you find it impossible : Well then I must tell it you. Monsieur *de Lausun* is to be married on *Sunday* at the *Louvre* ; can you guess to whom ? I give you four Days, I give you ten, I give you a hundred. Madame *de Coulanges* says this must sure be something very difficult to divine ; it is Mademoiselle *de la Valliere* : No Madame. It is then Mademoiselle *de Rets* : No indeed ; you guess with the Air of one at a great Distance from the Court. We own our selves meer Ignorants, say you it must certainly be Mademoiselle *de Crequi* : You are not right yet ; I see I must be obliged to tell you. He is to marry, with the Permission of the King, Mademoiselle, — Mademoiselle de — Mademoiselle — (divine her Name ;) he is to marry Mademoiselle, — upon my Word, upon my solemn Word, Mademoiselle, — la grande Mademoiselle, — Mademoiselle, the Daughter

L E T T E R S.

3

Daughter of the late MONSIEUR; Mademoiselle, the Grand-Daughter of Henry IV. Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Mademoiselle, Cousine Germane of the King, Mademoiselle, destined to a Throne; Mademoiselle, the only Match in France worthy of MONSIEUR. Here is a fine Subject for Reflections! If you exclaim, if you are beside yourself; if you swear that we tell you Lies, that this is false, that it is ridiculous; if you call it an idle Raillery, a chimerical Imagination; if you fly out into downright railing at us; we shall allow that you have Reason; we have done the same ourselves. Adieu; the Letters that will come to you by this Post, will sufficiently confirm our Intelligence.

L E T T E R II.

To the same.

Paris, Friday, Decemb. 19, 1670.

WHAT we call falling from the Clouds, is what happen'd Yesterday Evening at the *Thuilleries*: But I must resume the Thread of the History farther backwards. You are at present at the Joy, the Transports, the Ecstasies of the Princess and her happy Lover. On *Monday* this Affair was declared, as you have been informed. The *Tuesday* passed in discoursing, in wondering, and in paying

B 2

Com-

Compliments. On *Wednesday* *MADemoiSELLE* made a Donation to *Monfieur de Laufun*, with a Design to give him the Titles, Names, and Distinctions neceffary to be recited in a Contract of Marriage, which was made the fame Day. She gave him for the prefent, till fomething better could be thought of for him, four Dutchieſ: The *Compte d'Eu*, which is the Firſt Peerage of *France*, and gives the firſt Rank of Precedence; the Dutchy of *Monpenſier*, the Title of which he took that Day; the Dutchy of *Saint Fargeau*, and the Dutchy of *Chatelleraut*. All this is computed at the Value of Twenty two Millions. The Contract was made next, in which he took the Name of *Monpenſier*. On *Thursday* Morning, which was Yeſterday, *MADemoiSELLE* hoped the King would ſign it, as he had declared; but about Seven in the Evening, his Maſteſty having been perſuaded by the Queen, by *MONSIEUR*, and many grave Counſellors, that this Affair was an Injury to his Reputation, he reſolved to break it off; and ſending for *MADemoiSELLE* and *Monfieur de Laufun*, he declared to them, in the Prefence of *MONSIEUR* the Prince, that he forbid them to think any farther of this Marriage. *Monfieur de Laufun* received this Order with all the Reſpect, all the Submiſſion, all the Firmneſs, and all the Deſpair due to ſo great a Diſappointment. — As for *MADemoiSELLE*, following her Humour, ſhe burſt out into Tears and Exclamations, into violent Grief and immoderate Complaints: The next Day ſhe

L E T T E R S.

5

she kept her Bed, and lived on Gruels. How fine a Dream is here! how fine a Subject for a Tragedy or a Romance! But, above all, a Subject of everlasting Conversation, which employs us Day and Night, Morning and Evening, without End, without ceasing. We hope you will be as much engag'd by it; and thereupon I humbly kiss your Hands.

L E T T E R III.

To the same.

Paris, Wednesday, Decemb. 24, 1670.

YOU are now acquainted with the Romantic History of *MADemoiselle* and *Monfieur de Laufun*. It is a just Subject for a Tragedy, according to all the Rules of the Theatre: We amused ourselves the other Day with planning out the Acts and Scenes; and, allowing four Days instead of Twenty-four Hours, it made a perfect Piece. Never were so great Changes seen in so small a Time, never so general an Emotion; you have never heard so extraordinary a Piece of News. *Monfieur de Laufun* play'd his Part in Perfection. He supported this Misfortune with Firmness, with a manly Bravery, and yet with an Excess of Grief mingled with a profound Respect, which have made him generally admired. What he has lost is of an invaluable Price; but the Favour of the King, which he has preserved, is likewise invaluable; and his Fortune seems not to be

B 3

deplored.

deplored. *MADemoiselle* has likewise behaved very well; she has wept heartily: She has begun this Day to pay her Devoirs at the *Louvre*, from whence she had received all the proper Visits. So there is now a Conclusion of this Affair. Adieu.

LETTER IV.

To the same.

Paris, Wednesday, Decemb. 31, 1670.

I HAVE received your Answers to my Letters. I comprehend the Astonishment you have been in at all that has passed from the 15th to the 20th of this Month; the Subject well deserved it. I admire your good Sense, and the right Judgment you made, in believing this grand Machine would not go on regularly till the End of the Week. Modesty restrains me from giving my self an entire Liberty in commending you upon it, because I have said and thought the same Things you have done. I told my Daughter on the *Monday*, that this Design would never be conducted successfully till the *Sunday* following; and I offer'd to wage, that notwithstanding there was the fairest Appearance of this Marriage, it would never be compleated. In effect, on *Thursday* the Weather was overcast, and the Cloud broke in the Evening, in the Manner I have related it. The same *Thursday*, I went at Nine in the Morning to the Apartment of *MADemoiselle*, having heard
that

that she was to be married in the Country, and that the Coadjutor of *Reims* was to perform the Ceremony; for the Design of having the Nuptials celebrated at the *Louvre* was changed on *Tuesday*. *Mademoiselle* was writing, she ordered me to be admitted, finish'd her Letter, and made me kneel by her Bed-side. She told me to whom she had been writing, and on what Occasion; the fine Presents she had made the Day before; and the Name she had given her Lover; that there was no Match for her in *Europe*, and that she was determin'd to be married. She related to me, Word for Word, a Conversation she had had with the King: She seemed transported with Joy at the Thoughts of making a Man happy: She spoke with the tenderest Affection of the Merit, and the Gratitude of *Monsieur de Lausun*. Upon this, I said to her; *Mademoiselle*, you are extremely happy! But why did you not immediately dispatch this Affair on *Monday*? Do you consider, that so long a Delay gives Time to all the Kingdom to talk of it; and that it is tempting God and the King, to think of conducting so slowly a Thing of this extraordinary Nature? She told me I had Reason; but she was so flush'd with Confidence, that the Discourse made little Impression on her. She turn'd the Conversation to the illustrious Family, and the excellent Qualities of *Monsieur de Lausun*. I repeated to her these Lines of *Severus* in *Poliencte*.

* *Du moins ne la peut on blamer d'un mauvais Choix : -*
POLIEUCTE a du Nom, & sort du Sang des Rois.

She embraced me in the most passionate manner. This Conversation lasted an Hour : It is impossible to repeat it all ; but I was certainly very agreeable all this Time ; and I may say it without Vanity, for she was pleas'd with speaking to any One, her Heart was too full. At ten she gave herself up to the rest of France, who came to pay her their Compliments upon this Occasion. She waited all the Morning to hear News from the King, but had none. After Dinner she amused herself in dressing up with her own Hands the Apartment of Monsieur de Monpensier ; in the Evening you know what happened. The next Day, which was *Friday*, I went to her Apartment ; I found her in her Bed ; she redoubled her Cries at seeing me ; she called me to her ; she embraced me, and bathed me with her Tears. Alas ! said she, do you remember what you said to me Yesterday ? Ah Prudence ! cruel Prudence ! She made me weep purely by the Force of weeping over me. I return'd twice to visit her ; she is extremely afflicted, and has all along treated me as one who felt her Grievs ; she was not deceived. My Heart, on this Occasion, supplied me with Sentiments, rarely experienced for Persons of her Rank. Let this be between us and Madame de Coulanges ; for you will easily judge, that such a Manner of talking, before any others, would be entirely ridiculous. Adieu.

L E T.

* At least she cannot be blamed for having made an ill Choice : *Polieucte* has a great Name, and is descended from a Race of Kings.

LETTERS to *Madame de*
GRIGNAN.

LETTER I.

Paris, Wednesday, Feb. 18, 1671.

I CANNOT thank you enough, my Dear, for all the Letters you have writ to me upon the Road. These little officious Cares are very obliging, and have their Effect; nothing of this Kind is lost upon me. You have writ to me from every Place; I have admired your Goodness in it. None could go through this Trouble without a great Fund of Friendship; were it not for this, every one would be better pleased with Indolence or Repose. This has been a great Consolation to me. Every thing which has been so happy as to be acquainted with you, seems, like me, to regret you; yet I must say, with *Voiture*, none, besides me, has yet died of your Absence. It is true, the Carnival without you has been excessively dull; you may take the Honour of it to yourself; for my part, I impute it wholly to you: but, in my Opinion, meer Dullness is not a sufficient Symptom of the Pain we ought to feel from an Absence like yours.

I have received a Letter from Mr. *de Grignan*, which was not accompanied with one from you. He tells me, that he shall return

this Winter. Will he leave you behind, or will you follow him? Let me have an Answer.

Monsieur the *Dauphin* has been ill, but is better. *Madame de la Valliere* is re-establish'd at Court: The King received her with Tears of Joy; and *Madame de Montespan* with Tears ——— of what Kind I leave you to conjecture. Tender Conversations have mutually pass'd; this is difficult to comprehend; it is best to be silent. The News of this Year do not hold true from one Post to another.

I see your Daughter every Day; I would fain have her straight; this is my Care: It would be pleasant indeed, that she should be Daughter to you and *Mr. de Grignan*, and not be finely shaped. I am skilful in this; I have even needless Precautions. I saw Yesterday *Madame Dupuy-Dufou*, who salutes you: I saw likewise *Madame de Fanson*, and *Madame le Blanc*. Every thing which has any Relation to you, tho' at a hundred Leagues Distance, is more agreeable to me than any other Thing. Good God! the *Rhone*, you are now near it: What a frightful Idea to me! what Inquietude! till I hear you are past the Danger.

LETTER

LETTER II.

Paris, Feb. 27, 1671.

NO News holds true this Year, not even the Death of Mr. * *Vallot*: He is in good Health; and instead of being dead, as I was told, he has taken a Pill which has raised him to Life again. He told the King the most skilful Physician he knew, was Monsieur *du Chesnay* of *Muns*. Madame *de Mazarin* set out two Days since for *Rome*. Mr. *de Nevers* cannot go thither with his Wife, except it be this Summer. Monsieur *de Mazarin* complain'd to the King, that his Wife was sent to *Rome* without his Consent; and that it was a Thing never heard of before, that a Woman should be taken from under the Dominion of her Husband; and that a Pension should be given her of 24000 Livres a Year, and 12000 Francs in Hand, for a Voyage which he did not approve, and by which he was dishonoured. His Majesty heard him out; but every thing being settled, and the Voyage concluded upon, it could not be altered. As for Madame *de Mazarin*, whenever any thing was said to her to oblige her to be reconciled to her Husband, she always replied with a Laugh, in the Language that was heard so often during the Civil War, No *Mazarin*, No *Mazarin*.

As for Madame *de la Valliere*, we despair of being able to do you the Pleasure of sending her

* First Physician to the King.

her back to *Chaillot*; she is at the Court upon a much better Foot than she has been a long while since; you must even be contented to leave her there.

The Duke *de Longueville* goes by the Name of *Abbé d'Orleans*; and the *Compte de Saint Paul* by that of Duke *de Longueville*.

Monsieur *de Vantadour* has a *Tertian* Ague, upon which his Marriage is deferred: A Thousand pleasant Things are said upon this Occasion. That little Damsel *D'Houdancour* is very pretty. The *Abbé de la Victoire* told her the other Day, it could not be imagined that she would refuse to others, whatever she could prevail with herself to grant to Monsieur *de Vantadour*: And *Benferade* said, he would fain see a Mother, an Aunt, or a Friend, pretend to reprove a fine Woman, in her Case, for hating her Husband or having a Gallant; she might certainly have one with a very good Grace.

Monsieur *de Duras* has this Year, during the Voyage of *Flanders*, the same Command which Mr. *de Lausun* had the last Year; and the Honour will be greater, because there are double the Number of Troops.

The King has given to Mademoiselle *de la Mothe*, Daughter of the Queen, 200,000 Francs; she will soon be disposed of in Marriage.

The King designed to make Mr. *de Lausun* Marshal of *France*, but he declined it, saying, that he did not deserve it; that if he had served long enough, it was an Honour he should esteem very dear; but that he was not willing

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willing to have it, unless it were in the most honourable Way. Monsieur *d'Agueville* by his Care has obtained for the Cardinal *de Retz* an Annuity of 6000 Livres, upon the same Foot with that which was given to the Cardinal *de Bouillon*, only with this Difference, that he is under no Obligation to the Clergy.

LETTER III.

Paris, Friday, March 13, 1671.

I AM here in high Delight, retired to my Chamber all alone, to be at Liberty to write to you in profound Tranquility ; nothing is more agreeable to me than this Situation. I dined To-day with Madame *de Lavardin*, after having been to hear *Bourdoulou*, where we had the Mothers of the Church with us ; this is the Title I give to the Princesses of *Conti* and *Longueville*. The whole World was at this Sermon, and the Sermon was worthy of the Audience. I thought of you twenty Times, and as often wish'd you with me ; you would have been delighted with hearing it, and I should have been more delighted with observing your Attention. Mr. *de la Rochefoucault* received very pleasantly at Madame *Lavardin's*, the Compliment you made him ; they talked much of you. Mr. *d'Ambré* was there with his Cousin *de Brissac* ; he seem'd to interest himself much in your pretended Shipwreck : We have had an Account of your Intrepidity. Mr. *de la Rochefoucault* says you had a Mind
to

to appear brave, in hopes some tender-hearted Person would have hindered you from venturing ; and that having found Nobody so compassionate, you must doubtless have been in the same Embarras with *Scaramouch* in the Play. We have been at the Fair to see a Monster of a Woman, taller by the Head than *Riberpré* ; she lay in the other Day with two huge Children, who came into the World a-breast ; she is really a prodigious large Woman. I have been to make your Compliments at the *Hotel de Ramboullet* ; they return them a thousand Times. Madame de *Montausier* is at the Point of Despair for want of seeing you. I have been to visit Madame *Dupuy-Dufou* : I have paid three Visits to Madame de *Maillanes*. I cannot help laughing at myself, when I observe the Pleasure I find in these Things. If you think the * Ladies of the Queen's Court are running mad, you are not much mistaken. It is but eight Days since Madame de *Ludre*, *Coetlogon*, and *Rouvroy* were bit by a little Dog belonging to *Theobon* : This little Dog has died mad ; so that *Ludre*, *Coetlogon*, and *Rouvroy* are set out this Morning for *Diep*, in order to be plunged thrice into the Sea. This is a sad Adventure ; *Benferade* is in Despair about it. *Theobon* would not be persuaded to go with them, though she had received a little Mark of his Tooth : But the Queen will not suffer her to be in Waiting, till she knows what will come of it. Do not you think, my Dear, that *Ludre* resembles *Andromeda* ? for my part, I fancy I see her chain'd

* *Les Filles de la Reine.*

chain'd to the Rock, and Freville upon a winged Horse, preparing to attack the Monster. † *Ab! Madame de Grignan, l'etransé Soit t'être setté toute nue tans la Mer.* In my Opinion, it would be more strange to go to Bed to Monsieur de Vantadour, as Mademoiselle d'Houdancour must do To-morrow: I should fear such a Monster more than that of *Andromeda: contra il qual non vale l'elmo n' escudo* *.

Here is Impertinence enough: In the mean time, I know nothing of you. You think perhaps I can divine what you are doing; but I have too great an Interest in your Health, and in the State of your Mind, to be contented to know no more of it than I can imagine. The most minute Circumstances are agreeable to us, when they come from those we entirely love, as much as they are tedious from others: This has been said a thousand Times, and yet it is still true. *La Vauvineux* makes you a hundred Compliments; her Daughter has been very ill. *Madame d'Arpajou* has been ill likewise: You may mention these Names at your Leisure with *Madame de Verneuil*. Here is a Letter of *Mr. de Condom*, which he sent me, together with a very entertaining Billet. Your Brother is entred under the Laws of † *Ninon*; I fear he will receive little Improvement from thence. There are Minds unhappily formed

to

† *Ab! Matam de Grignan*, to not you tink it a strange Ting to be trown naked into de Sea.

* Against whom the Helmet and the Shield is but a vain Defence.

† A Mistress.

to whom they are of no Service ; his Father received no Advantage from them. We must recommend him to the Care of Providence : When one is religious, or at least inclined to be so, one cannot see these Disorders without Concern. Ah *Bourdaloüe* ! what divine Truths you told us Yesterday concerning Death ! *Madame de la Fayette* was there, for the first Time ; she was transported with Admiration ; she was ravished with the Remembrance of you, and embraces you with all her Heart. I have given her a fine Copy of your Picture ; she makes it an Ornament of her Chamber, where you are never forgotten. If you are still of the same Humour you were at *Sainte Marie*, and keep my Letters, see if you have received that of *February 18*. Adieu, my lovely Dear. Shall I tell you that I love you ! It seems ridiculous to repeat a Thing so needless. But as I am ravished when you assure me of your Affection, I assure you of mine with Design to give you the same Pleasure, if you are of my Temper : And that *Grignan*, does not he too deserve that I should say a kind Word to him.

I believe that Mr. *d'Agueville* sends you all the News ; for my part I know of none ; I might perhaps tell you, that the * Chancellor has taken a Glyster.

I saw Yesterday a Thing that passed in the Apartment of *MADAMOISELLE*, which gave me Pleasure : *La Gesvers* came in, beautiful,

* The Chancellor *Seguier*, who never went to the Council without that Precaution.

riful, charming, and with a good Grace. Madame *d'Arpajou* was above me; I believe she expected me to offer her my Place: I ow'd her an Incivility, and I paid it her, and remained immoveable. *Mademoiselle* was upon the Bed, and she was obliged to place herself beneath the *Estrade*; this was indeed vexatious. They brought *MADAMOISELLE* something to drink, and the *Serviette* was to be presented: I spy'd Madame *de Gesvers* drawing off her Glove, and discovering a lank meagre Length of Arm; I jut Madame *d'Arpajou*; she takes the Hint, pulls off her Glove, and very gracefully advances a Step, gets before *la Gesvers*, takes and presents the *Serviette*: *La Gesvers* stands confounded with Shame and Anger; she had mounted the *Estrade*, she had pull'd off her Glove; and all this to see herself prevented from performing this little Service by Madame *d'Arpajou*. My Dear, I am malicious; I was pleased with this little Incident; it was well design'd. Could any thing be more spiteful, than to endeavour to deprive Madame *d'Arpajou*, who was within the *Ruelle*, of an Honour that offered itself so naturally to her? *La Pizieux* was delighted with it. *MADAMOISELLE* did not dare to lift up her Eyes; As for me, I had the most harmless unmeaning Look imaginable. After this, I heard a hundred thousand obliging Things said of you; and *MADAMOISELLE* laid her Commands on me to tell you she is very glad that you escaped drowning, and that you are in Health.

We

We were to visit Madame Colbert, who enquired after you: These are terrible Trifles to write, but I know of nothing better. You see that I am no longer a Devotee; alas! I should have much need of *Matines*, and of the Solitude of *Livry*. I will send you the two Books of *la Fontaine*; whether they please you or not, there are some pleasant Passages in them, and others that are tedious. We are never contented with having done well, and often spoil all by endeavouring to do better.

LETTER IV.

Paris, Sunday, March 15, 1671.

MR. *de la Brosse* will have a Letter of mine to introduce him to you: Is not this a pleasant Manner of abusing his Friends? You know the Esteem and Friendship I have for him; you know that his Father is one of my most ancient Friends; you know the Merit of them both; and you have for them all the Sentiments I could wish to inspire you with. You see therefore that my Letter can be of no Use to him; it is an Advantage to me only, for I love to write to you. It is a pleasant Thing to observe the Satisfaction we take in conversing with our Friends, tho' at a distance; and the extreme Disinclination we have to write to others. I think myself happy in having begun the Day with you:
 * *Pecquet* was at my Bed-side on Account of
 a ter-

* A famous Physician.

a terrible Cold, which will be over when you receive this Letter. We were speaking of you, and from that it was an easy Transition to writing to you. I shall pass this Day with less Inquietude than usual. Yesterday in the Evening I had a great deal of Company here. I was in the same Disposition with *Benserade*. I found a peculiar kind of Pleasure, that I was not to lie with Mr. *de Vantadour*, like the poor Damsel who has had that Honour. You know that *Benserade* had no Way to comfort himself for not being Mr. *† d'Armagnac*, but by considering that he was not Mr. *de † Saint-Heran*. But who shall comfort me for not receiving your Letters; The Irregularity of the Posts is what I do not comprehend; those obliging Gentlemen, who set out at Midnight to carry you my Letters, do not take the same Care to bring back your Answers. The * Abbot and I are continually discoursing of your Affairs; he gives you an Account of every thing; for which Reason I say nothing. Your Health, your Quiet, your Affairs; these are the three Subjects which employ all my Care; from whence I draw a Conclusion, which I leave you to meditate upon.

† Two remarkable Gentlemen, the former for the Gracefulness of his Person, the latter for his Deformity.

* The Abbot of *Coulanges*, Uncle of Madame *de Sevigne*, and Abbot of *Livry*.

LETTER V.

Paris, Wednesday, March 18, 1671.

AT last, my Dear, I learn from yourself your Entry into *Aix*; but I do not comprehend why you do not tell me, whether your Husband was with you, and in what Manner *Vardes* honoured your Triumph. In other Points, your Representation of it is very pleasant, as well as the Embarras you was in, and your mis-placed Civilities. *Bandal* was doubtless a great Help to you; and, indeed, my Dear, my Assistance might have been useful; not that I should have done better than you, for I have not the Gift of ranging Peoples Names in exact Order over their Faces. On the contrary, I am every Day guilty of the most impertinent Mistakes of this Nature; but I might have assisted you in making gracious Bows, and that would have been all I could have done for your Service. This Excess of Ceremonies and Civilities is a tedious Exercise; but it is necessary to go through it with a good Courage. You must endeavour, my dear Child, to conform yourself to the Manners and Customs of the People you are to live amongst; accommodate your self to every thing that is not bad; be not disgusted at what is but indifferent; and make to yourself a Pleasure of whatever is not ridiculous.

There is a Piece of News which furnishes Discourse for all *Paris*: The King has commanded Mr. de S * * * to quit his Post, and
imme-

immediately to leave *Paris*. Do you know for what Reason? For having cheated at Play, and got 50000 Crowns with pack'd Cards. The Cardmaker was interrogated by the King himself: He denied it at first; at last, upon a Promise of a Pardon, he confessed that he had followed this Trade a great while. This is likely to affect a great many Persons; for there are several Families whom he has furnish'd with these false Cards. It was not without much Reluctance, that the King came to a Resolution to disgrace a Man of the Quality of S***; but seeing that, for two Months past, all that he play'd with were ruined, he thought himself obliged in Conscience to expose so great a Villainy. He had observed well the Play of others; and he always set upon the Queen of Spades, because the Spades were in the other Packs; the King always lost upon Clubs, and used to say, The Club cannot dispute the Field with the Spade in this Country. S*** had given thirty Pistoles to the Vallets of Madame *de la Valliere* to throw away the Cards they had, which he said were not good; and had introduced his own Cardmaker. He who put him in this good Way is call'd *Pradier*; he disappeared as soon as the King forbid S*** to come into his Presence: If he had been innocent, he would have went voluntarily to Prison, and desired to be proceeded against; but, instead of taking that Way, he thought the Road to *Languedoc* much safer. Several of his Friends advised him rather to retire

retire to * *la Trappe*, after such a Misfortune. This is all the Subject of Discourse at present.

The Marshal *de Bellefont*, out of a pure Sentiment of Piety, has agreed with his Creditors ; he has yielded up to them his whole Estate, and more than half the Revenue of his Charge, to pay off his Arrears. This is very honourable, and shews, that his frequent Visits to *la Trappe* have not been in vain.

I went the other Day to see the Dutches *de Vantadour* : She was beautiful as an Angel. The Dutches of N * * * came thither, with her Head dress'd in a Manner perfectly ridiculous : You may take my Word for it ; for you know how well I love the Excess of the Fashion. *La † Martin* had employ'd on her the utmost of her Fancy, as if she had been designed for a Pattern of the Mode. Her Hair was cut, and curled on the Top of her Head, very naturally, by a hundred Papers, which made her suffer Death and Tortures the whole Night : All this makes exactly a little roundish Head of a Cabbage. It is, my Dear, the most ridiculous Thing you can imagine. She had no *Coiffure* at all ; but that is excusable, she is young and handsome. All the Women at *St. Germain*, and even *la Mothe*, have their Heads dress'd in this Manner by *la Martin*. This is carried to such a Degree, that the King and all the Ladies

* A Convent, famed for the Rigour of its Discipline.

† A famous Tire-woman.

Ladies of the Court die with laughing. They are all in that pretty kind of Dress, which your Woman *Montgobert* understands so well, I mean, with Curls reversed. This is all I can say of it: We are extremely diverted with the Extravagance of this new Mode.

Your Brother is at *Saint Germain*: he divides himself between *Ninon* and a certain * Actress; his favourite Companion is *Despreaux*: We lead him a very uneasy Life about it.

LETTER VI.

Paris, Friday, March 20, 1671.

MONSIEUR the † Coadjutor of *Reims* told me the other Day at Madame de *Coulanges's*, that he had writ to you twice; and that he had received no Answer: Lay your Hand upon your Conscience, my good Dear, and pay your Debts: He is gone to *Reims*. Madame de *** said to him, What Folly is it in you to go to *Reims*? What will you do with yourself there? You will be furiously dull: Stay here with us, and we will divert you. Such a Speech, made by a Lady to an Archbishop, set us a laughing, and herself too: We judged it not to be at all Canonical; but we easily comprehended, that if Ladies often used to give such Advice to Prelates, it would not be lost upon them.

Mr. de la *Rochefoucault* has asked me more than ten Times, whether you have received his

* Mademoiselle de *Chamelleaye*.

† *Maurice de la Tour*.

his Sugar-plums. The *Compte d'Estreés* told him, that in his Voyage to *Guinea* he met with a new Kind of Christians ; he found there a Church, with twenty Canons, who were Negroes, all naked, with square Bonnets, and an * *Aumusse* upon their left Arm ; who were fingering their Devotions. He desires you to reflect on this odd Rencontre, and not to believe that they wore the least Rag of a Surplice : They were in the same Equipage their Mothers sent them into the World with, and as black as so many Devils. I have performed my Commission.

D'Agueville has sent you a very pleasant Song, made upon Mr. *de Longueville* ; it is in Imitation of a certain Ballad which you have never seen, and which I have told you is the finest in the World. I know it, and sing it perfectly well. The Letter you writ to *Guittaut* is very entertaining. I passionately love your Letters.

The other Day a Billet was slippt into the Hand of Father † *Desmares*, as he was getting into the Pulpit ; he read it with his Spectacles.

† *De par Monseigneur de Paris*
On declare a tous les Maris,
Que leurs Femmes on baisera :
Alleluia.

He

* An Ornament worn by Priests in saying Mass.

† A Father of the Oratory.

† By *Monseigneur* the Archbishop of *Paris*, a Declaration to all Husbands, that their Wives will be kiss'd. Amen.

He read more than half of it ; the Congregation were much diverted. You see we have amongst us Persons of Humour.

Adieu, my Dearest. If I do not say so much of my Tenderneſs for you as my Inclination dictates, it is owing to my Diſcretion. But I am intirely taken up with you ; and you may be aſſured, that you cannot beſtow a Thought on me at any Time, when I am not thinking on you.

LETTER VII.

*Livry, Tueſday in the Holy Week,
March 24, 1671.*

IT is three Hours, my Dear, ſince I came hither. I left *Paris* with a Deſign to retire from the World, till *Thuſday* Evening ; I pretend to be here in Solitude, and to make a little Trappe of this Retirement. I intend to pray, and to make a thouſand Reflections. I deſign to faſt much, for the Improvement of my Health as well as of my Devotion ; to make Amends, by Walking, for the Time I have been confined to my Chamber ; and more eſpecially, to be exceſſively dull, out of a Regard to Religion. But, my Dear, what I ſhall acquit myſelf of much better than all this, will be to think on you ; I have not yet ceaſed to do it, ſince I arrived here ; and no longer able to contain all my Sentiments. I am writing to you at the End of the little dark Alley, which is ſo much your Favourite ; and ſitting upon the moſſy Sear,

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where

where I have so often seen you reposing yourself. But where is it, alas ! that I have not seen you in these Shades ! and how do these Thoughts invade my Heart ! There is no Nook nor Corner in the House, or in the Oratory, in the Gardens, or in the neighbouring Fields, where I have not seen you ; no Place that does not bring something relating to you to my Remembrance ; and in whatsoever Manner it be, it pierces my Soul. I see you ; you are present with me ; I think, and repeat over every thing in my Thoughts. My Imagination grows wild and raving ; in vain I turn round and round ; in vain I look for the dear Child I love with so much Passion ; she is removed two hundred Leagues from me ; I have her no more ; I weep, without the Power to restrain my Tears. My Dear, this I know is extremely weak ; but I have no Command of a Tenderneſs ſo juſt and ſo natural. I know not in what Diſpoſition this Letter may find you ; Chance may direct it to your Hand unſeaſonably, when it may not perhaps be read in the ſame Manner it is written. For this I know no Remedy ; it ſerves however to ſooth my preſent Grief, and that is all I expect from it. The Situation of Mind this Place has put me in, is a Thing incredible. I beg of you not to ſpeak of my Weakneſſes ; but you ought to love them, and to reſpect the Tears that flow from a Heart entirely yours.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

*Livry, Thursday in the Holy Week,
March 26, 1671.*

IF I had wept so much for my Sins, as I have wept for you since I have been here, I should have been very well disposed for the Celebration of the approaching Festival. I have passed the Time I had resolved to spend here, in the Manner I proposed; except that Part of it that was devoted to you, which affected me more than I could have believed. How strange a Thing is a lively Imagination, which represents Things past as if they were still in being! and when One reflects on what is present, and has a Heart like mine, One dies with Grief. I am at a Loss whether to fly for Refuge from you; our House at *Paris* brings you constantly into my Mind, but the Solitude of *Livry* restores you to my Arms. As for you, it is by an Effort of Memory, whenever you think on me. *Providence* is not obliged to restore me to you, in the Manner every Place here represents you to my Fancy. I have, however, found a melancholy Pleasure in the Grief I have suffered here: A profound Solitude, an uninterrupted Silence, a mournful Office of Religion, a solemn Service devoutly sung, a Canonical Fast, a Beauty in the Gardens with which you would have been charmed; all this has given me Delight. I had nothing more to wish but you. However nice you

are in the Choice of Solitude, you would have been contented here. But I am obliged to return to *Paris*: I intend To-morrow to hear the Celebration of the Passion by Father *Bourdaloue*, or by Father *Mascaron*. Adieu, my Dear; this is all you shall have from *Livy*; I will finish this Letter at *Paris*. If I had the Power to forbear writing to you, and to make a Sacrifice of all my Sentiments for you, it would exceed all the Penances in the World; but instead of making a good Use of this Opportunity of Devotion, I have sought the Consolation of conversing with you. Alas! how weak, how miserable is this!

LETTER IX.

Paris, Wednesday, April 1, 1671.

I Returned Yesterday from *Saint Germain*: I was with Madame *d'Arpajou*. The Number of those who enquired after you, was equal to the Number of which the Court was composed. I think I ought to distinguish the Queen, who advanced a Step towards me to enquire after my Daughter, and said she had heard you had been in Danger of drowning. I thank'd her for the Honour she did you in remembring you: She replied, and made me relate the Danger you had escaped. I told her of the Rashness you are so proud of having been guilty of, in passing the *Rhone* in a high Wind; and that this Wind had drove you with Rapidity under an Arch, within two Fingers Breadth of a Pillar, which, if you

you had touched upon, you must have perished a thousand Times. And was her Husband with her? Yes Madam, and the Coadjutor too. Indeed they were much to blame. She even made Outcries and Exclamations at the Parts of the Narration where you was most in Danger; and said Things very obliging for you.

After this, there came in a Troop of Dutcheßes; and amongst others the young Madame de *Vantadour*, very lovely and beautiful. It was some Time before they brought that divine *Tabouret*, to the Privilege of which her Marriage had entitled her: I turned to Monsieur le * *Grand Maître*, and said, Alas! why dont they give it her, it has cost her dear enough: He was of my Opinion.

In the Middle of the Circle the Queen turned about to me, and asked me who my little Grand daughter was like? Madam, said I, she resembles Monsieur de † *Grignan*. She cried out aloud, that she was sorry for it; and told me, that she would have done much better to have resembled her Mother or her Grandmother. You see, my Dear, how much you assist me in making my Court.

The Marshal de *Bellesart*, Madame de *Duras*, Monsieur her Husband, and Messieurs de *Charost* and de *Montausier*, and ‡ *tutt quanti*, to whom I made your Compliments, return them a hundred-fold. I have delivered your

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Letter

* The Duke de *Luäre*.

† Mr. de *Grignan* was well shaped but not handsome; and a Damsel who had been like him, would not have passed for a Beauty.

‡ As many as were there.

Letter to Monsieur *de Condom*. I had forgot Monsieur the *DAUPHIN*, and *Mademoiselle*, who talked to me a great while about you.

I saw *Madame de Ludre*; she came up to me with a Superfluity of Friendliness that surpris'd me; she talked of you in the same Tone; and on a suddain, as I was going to make her an Answer, I saw that she minded me no longer, and that her fine Eyes were galloping all over the Room. I soon perceived it; and the Company smiled, and seemed pleas'd with my observing it: She has been plunged into the Sea, and the *Tritons* have seen her naked; they may perhaps be vain upon it, but as for the Nymph, she was extremely mortified.

The new Manner of Dress has much diverted me; there are some who look so silly in it, that one is almost tempted to give them a Box on the Ear. *Mademoiselle de Choiseul* resembled exactly, as *Ninon* says, a Picture of the Spring in a Country Inn; the Comparison is excellent. That *Ninon* is a very dangerous Creature; I am provoked beyond all Patience at the Mischief she does your Brother: We try all our Efforts, *Madame de la Fayette* and I, to break him off from an Engagement so disadvantageous to him. There is besides a little * Actress, and along with her the Wits, the *Despreaux*, and *Racines*; they make delicious Entertainments, that is, Debauches, together. He is a little touched at the Sermons of Father *Mascarou*; we want your † *Minim* to preach to him. I have never
seen

* *La Chammelay*. † The Name of an Order of Friars.

seen any thing so pleasant, as what you write about him : But after all, you are to be lamented for being obliged to hear the Offices of Religion performed in so mean a Manner. We are all transported with *Bourdalue* ; he made, as they say, a Discourse on the Passion more perfect than can be imagined ; it was the same he made the last Year, which he has now modelled, by the Advice of his Friends, in such a Manner as to make it inimitable. How is it possible we should love Religion, when we never hear it agreeably spoken of ? My dear Child, you must certainly stand in need of more peculiar Grace than is necessary to us here. We heard the other Day the *Abbé de Montmort* ; I have never seen so pretty a young Preacher ; I wish you had such an one in the Place of your *Minim* : He made the Sign of the Cross, named his Text, and gave us no rude or injurious Language ; but only begged of us, in the most civil Terms, not to stand in Fear of Death, because it is the only Passage to a happy and a glorious Resurrection. We granted it ; we were all well contented ; there was nothing shocking. He has a decent Confidence, he has Modesty, he has Learning, he has Devotion ; in a Word, I am pleased with him to the last Degree.

The excessive Commendations you give me are unreasonable, and so is likewise the immoderate Length of this Letter : I must conclude it, and put Bounds to that which, if I followed my Inclinations, would have none. Adieu, my Dear ; and count upon

my Tenderneſs, which can never have an End.

LETTER X.

Paris, Wednesday, April 8, 1671.

MY Dear, your Letters are extremely agreeable; there are Paſſages in them greatly in Danger of the Preſs; you will find, that ſome of your Friends will ſome time or other betray you into Fame. You have lately been much taken up with Devotion; you have viſited the poor Siſters of *Sainte Marie*; you have a little Cell amongſt them: But do not let your Imagination lead you too far; theſe Kind of Reveries are ſometimes ſo gloomy, that People languish under them to Death; ſuch Thoughts ought more eaſily to be paſſed over, and you may find an agreeable Melancholy in this Convent, where you will be Miſtreſs.

I admire the Behaviour of your Ladies in *Provence*; the Deſcription you give me of their Love of Ceremony, is a finiſh'd Piece: But you muſt know, it makes me quite angry; I cannot imagine how you are able to bear with it. You think I ſhould pleaſe their Humour extremely: Not in the leaſt; I ſhould be looked on as a Perſon entirely ignorant of Civility: I ſhould appear diſpleaſed with their Abſurdity, and offended at their want of Sincerity: I ſhould ſay, Pray, Madam, let us underſtand one another: Am I to reconduct you? If ſo, I beg you not to hinder

hinder me ; let us not waste our Time and our Breath ; if you do not expect it, be so good as to excuse me the Trouble of making you twenty Offers of it. I do not wonder that this Manner of Behaving puts you out of Patience ; I should be much worse than you.

Let us talk a little of your Brother : He has been discarded by *Ninon* ; she is weary of loving without being beloved ; she has demanded her Letters, and they are restored. I was very well pleased with this Separation ; I insinuated a Word or two of motherly Advice ; I reminded him of his former good Sentiments ; and begged of him not to extinguish in his Heart all Sense of Religion. Were it not for this Liberty of giving him *en passant* a little grave Instruction, I should not have suffered him to make me such a Confidence, as Decency can scarce permit. This Reformation is not entire ; when he has quitted one Engagement, he hopes to make himself amends by entring into another : But in this he may perhaps be deceived ; the young *Merville* has not yet broke with him, but I believe she soon will. He followed me Yesterday from one End of *Paris* to the other, to tell me an Accident that happened to him. He had found a favourable Occasion, and yet ——— it was a strange Disappointment ; the Damsel was never less entertained ; the Cavalier retired in the utmost Disorder, protesting he was under the Power of some Spell ; and, what was most pleasant, he was impatient to tell me his Defeat. We

laughed excessively. I told him I was very well pleased that his Punishment was so suitable to his Offence. He imputed it all to me ; he complained I had given him too much of my icy Complexion ; he told me this was a Favour he could well have dispensed with, and that I had done better to have bestowed it all on my Daughter. He desired that *Pecquet* might order him some Restoratives ; he talked in the most extravagant Manner imaginable, and I kept up the Humour ; it was a Scene worthy of *Moliere*. However, my Gentleman's Courage is so effectually cooled, that I believe he will not soon expose himself to the Shame of such an Adventure. It was in vain for me to assure him, that the Empire of Love was full of such Tragical Events ; this could give him no Satisfaction. The little *Chimene* says, she sees too plainly he does not love her ; and amuses herself elsewhere. In a Word, it is a Disorder that diverts me much ; and I heartily wish it may prove an Occasion of disengaging him from this abandoned Manner of Life.

He told me the other Day, that one of the Actors was upon the Point of being married, notwithstanding he had a certain Distemper a little disobliging in a Bridegroom. One of his Comrades expostulated with him, and desired him to defer his Nuptials till a Cure was made ; since otherwise the whole Company of Players might feel the Effects of it. I thought this a mighty pretty Subject for an Epigram.

Ninon

Ninon always used to say of him, that he was a *Citrouille* in Ice. You see what it is to keep good Company; One learns a thousand Genteelnesses.

I have changed your Child's Nurse; she that we had was very unexceptionable as to her Person, but her Milk began to fail. I have got for her a neat Country-Woman, very plain, with fine Teeth, and black Hair, of a healthy Complexion, her Age twenty-four Years, her Milk at four Months, her own Child beautiful as a little *Cupid*. You will hardly believe what a skilful Gossip I am grown; this has got me a great Reputation; the Little One thrives extremely under my Care; I shall be consulted by all the Matrons in my District.

La Maran was saying the other Day to *Madame la Fayette*, I have a Fancy to cut my Hair, and go into the new Manner of Dress. *Madame la Fayette* answered her with the utmost Simplicity, Dear Madam, let me dissuade you from it; it becomes none but young People. If you do not like these Repartees, pray oblige us with better.

I have received a Letter from *Monsieur de Marseille*, and my Answer I believe will have your Approbation; since you would have it be so frank and so sincere, in conformity to the Friendship you have vowed; the Foundation of which is your own Interest, and the Product Dissimulation. This Sentence is taken from *Tacitus*; I have seen nothing finer. I enter into this Sentiment, and approve it, since you will have it so; we must even

even let him believe he is of the Number of our Friends, whether we will or no.

Adieu, my Dear ; I think of nothing but you : If by a Miracle, which I neither hope nor desire, you should happen to be out of my Mind, I should be left as void of Thought as any of the Figures of * *Benoist*.

LETTER XI.

Paris, April 9, 1671.

HERE is with me Monsieur *de Magalothy*, who is going to *Provence* ; I could heartily wish to go with him. I do not know whether he will feel the Pleasure of seeing you ; for my part, I should be very sensible of it. He is playing with your little Daughter, and says, he reads your Virtue in her Looks. As for me, who think the *Grignans* handsome, she is very agreeable in my Opinion. I believe you will be very well pleased to see a Man of Merit ; a Man who knows the World ; a Man with whom you will speak good *French*, and *Italian* if you please ; a Man whose Accomplishments are known to the whole Court ; in a Word, a Man who brings you two Pair of Slippers made by *Georget*. What can I say more in his Favour ? He is going to see *Madame de Monaco* ; and I dare engage you will write to her by him. He says, that without a Letter from me he should not be received by you in the Manner he desires. In short, he abuses me,

* A famous Artisan in Wax work.

me, and I envy him. I embrace you with all my Heart, but with great Sincerity, and not in the least for the Sake of making a Conclusion to my Letter.

L E T T E R XII.

Paris, Friday Evening, April 10, 1671.

I Am making up my Paquet at Monsieur *de la Rochefoucault's*, who embraces you with all his Heart. He is charmed with the Answer you made to his Story of the new Order of Canons in *Guinea*, and of Father *Desmares*. He begs you to believe that you are always present in his Memory ; and that, whenever he learns any News worthy to entertain you, he will not fail to impart them. He is at his *Hotel de la Rochefoucault*, and has no Hopes of being able to walk ; the utmost he thinks of attempting, is to be carried in a Chair to make Visits, or to take the Air in his Coach. He talks of going to take the Waters ; I am for sending him to *Digne*, others to *Bourbon*. I have been to pay a Visit to *MADAMOISELLE*, who still has ill Health.

Branças was overturned three or four Days ago in a Ditch ; he found himself so much at his Ease there, that he demanded of those that came to help him out, what it was that he could serve them in. All his Glasses were broke to Pieces ; and his Head would have been in the same Condition, if he had not been more happy than wise. This Adventure

ture did not give the least Disturbance or Interruption to the Thoughts he was amused with. I sent to him this Morning, to acquaint him that I heard he had been overturned, and in Danger of breaking his Neck; that he was the only Person in *Paris* who had not heard of it, and that I was desirous to let him know the Inquietude it had given me; I expect his Answer.

Madame la Comtesse de Bregy cannot see a Letter sent to you, without having something put in from her, though it be only a Compliment upon the Augmentation of five thousand Francs, which has been made to your Appointments. If you know her Humour, you will easily believe that she thinks five thousand Francs a better Subject for a Compliment, than five hundred thousand Adorations, and as many Harangues that have been made to you upon your Dignities and Accomplishments.

LETTER XIII.

Paris, Wednesday, April 15, 1671.

THE Letter you writ to me by *Gassé* has been delivered to me, but I have not seen *Gassé*; I believe I shall not forbear embracing him. Oh, Heavens! A Man who has seen you; who is newly come from you; who has conversed with you.

The Portrait you make me of Cardinal *Grimaldi* is excellent, it is satyrical, it is pleasant to the last Degree; it has made me
laugh

laugh much. I wish you a Variety of such Pieces to divert you. *Mongobert* is really entertaining, she understands good Raillery ; how happy she is in having a Taste of Wit, and in being near you ! Such dull Creatures as are incapable of apprehending, put one out of all Patience with them.

I believe † *Ademar* has acquainted you, that the Servant of the * Coadjutor, who had been at *la Trape*, is returned from thence half crazed, not being able to bear the Austerities of the Place. They are looking out for a Convent to place him in, where the Discipline is less rigid, to recover him from the Condition he is in. I am afraid that this *la Trape*, which pretends to exceed Humanity, will come at last to be † *les petites Maisons*.

Pray write some civil Thing to *Pecquet* ; he has taken extraordinary Care of your little Daughter : She is extreamly pretty, this little Creature ; she comes in a Morning into my Chamber, she laughs, she looks round her, she kisses a little indecently, but Time will correct that. The Letter you writ to your Brother is admirable ; you judge very well of him ; he is up to the Eyes in the Air of the fine Gentleman. We need keep no Jubilee for his Reformation ; I find nothing good in him, but the Fear of committing a Sacrilege ; it has been my Care to give him a Horror of it. But the Malady of his Mind has

† The Chevalier *de Grignan*.

* A Brother of Mr. *de Grignan*, Coadjutor of *Arles*.

† A House for the Reception of mad People.

has fallen upon his Body ; and his Mistresses are not of a Complexion to bear with Patience that Misfortune. Heaven does every thing for the best. I hope a Voyage to *Lorraine* will break off all these low Attachments. He grows pleasant ; he says he is like the good Man *Eson* ; he will have himself boiled up with Herbs in a Caldron, to renew his Vigour. He relates to me all his Follies ; I look grave at him ; I make a Scruple of hearing, but yet I am forced to hear him. He diverts me, he endeavours to please me. I understand very well the Kind of Amity he has for me ; he is charmed, as he says, with that you express to me ; he makes a thousand pleasant Attacks on me upon the Attachment I have for you ; I own to you it is great, even while I am endeavouring to conceal it. I embrace the Comte, who performs his Exercises with so much Dexterity, who plays so well at Tennis, and at the Mall ; I love those Things. I hope you will preserve the Joy of his Heart by the Tenderness of yours.

LETTER XIV.

Paris, Wednesday, April 22, 1671.

ARE you really afraid that I love Madame *de Brissac* better than you ? Can you believe, you that are acquainted with the Delicacy of my Fancy, that her Airs are more agreeable to me than yours ? Do you think that her Sagacity has found the Art of pleasing me ?

me? Are you of Opinion, that her Beauty can efface your Charms? In a Word, can you imagine there is in the World any Woman who can in my Judgment surpass *Madame de Grignan*? Not considering the other Interests I take in you, think a little of this at leisure; and then judge according as it appears to you. This is all my Answer; which you will know by that of your own Heart, if it answers you sincerely.

Let us speak a little of your Brother. He has so much Weakness, that one cannot see him without the greatest Regret; he is every thing that it pleases others to make him. Yesterday it pleased three of his Friends to carry him to Supper at a very honourable Place; he went with them: These Gentlemen were too wise to expose themselves; they were for having him pay all, I mean with his Person; he had the Meanness not to refuse it. He then came to tell it me, acknowledging that he was displeased with himself. I told him I was no less displeased with him. I made him ashamed of himself; I represented to him, that this was not the Life of a Man of Honour; I made him sensible of the Danger of it, and convinced him that he might one Time or other destroy himself: I then preached to him a little. He acknowledges that all I say to him is right; but he continues to act still in the same Manner. He has quitted the Actress, after having had a kind of skambling Intrigue with her: When he visited her, when he writ to her, it was in good Earnest; but the Mo-
ment

ment after, he expressed the utmost Contempt for her. *Ninon* has forsaken him; he was not happy while she loved him, but is in Despair now he is no longer beloved by her; and the more so, because she does not speak of him with much Esteem. She says, he has a Soul composed of Chicken-broth; that his Person is made of Pasteboard, and his Heart is like a *Citrouille* cooled in Snow. The other Day she resolved to get from him the Actress's Letters; he gave them her; she was piqued at them, and determined to sacrifice them to a Lover of this Princess of the Stage, in hopes he might make her feel the Effects of his Jealousy. I told him it was an Infamy to treat the pretty Creature in this Manner for having loved him; that she had not exposed his Letters, but had restored them to him; that it was a mean Piece of Treachery, and unworthy of a Man of Quality; and that even in the least honourable Things there were certain Points of Honour to be observed. He entered into these Reasons; he run to *Ninon*, and half willingly, half unwillingly, partly by Address, partly by Force, he recovered the poor Girl's Letters, and I made him burn them. You see by this, that I have some Respect for the Name of an Actress: This is a little like the Visionary Lady in the Comedy; she would have done the same, and I have acted like her. He made a Relation of his Follies to Mr. *Rochefoucault*, who loves Originals. He approves what I said to him the other Day, that my Son's Folly did not lie in his Head but in his Heart: His
Senti-

Sentiments are all of them true and all false, all sober and all intemperate, all treacherous and all sincere ; in short, his Heart is a Fool. We laughed heartily at this Notion, and he laughed with us ; for he is good Company, and understands Raillery. We are very well together ; I am his Confident ; and I am forced to keep up ~~this~~ Character, which obliges me to hear such odious Confessions, that I may have a Right to tell him my Sentiments upon all Occasions. He hearkens to me as much as he can, and begs me to set him right. I do it like a Friend. Here are a great many Fooleries ; but as you take some Interest in them, I thought you would be less tired with them.

All that you say of *Maran* is excellent ; especially the Punishments you assign to her in another State : But do you know that you will share them with her, if you continue to hate her ? Consider that you will be obliged to spend an Eternity together ; and there can need nothing more to engage you to take care of your Salvation. This is certainly a very happy Thought ; I almost look on it as an Inspiration. It came into my Mind the other Day at *Madame de la Fayette's*. *Madame de la Rochefoucault* and I were both of us there, when in she came without a Coif, and with her Hair cut like a little Moppet ; she came in all curled and powdered, fresh from the Tire-Woman's Hands : She was violently out of Countenance, foreseeing she should be disapproved. *Madame de la Fayette* told her, she was certainly

tainly mad ; Monsieur *de la Rochefoucault* said, Do you know, Madame, that you are completely ridiculous ? For my part, I laughed to myself under my Coif. She was so much out of Countenance, that she could not stand the Attack ; she coifed herself, and pouted. I believe this Relation will divert you.

We went the other Day to Dinner to the Arsenal : There were Persons there of all Sizes, Monsieur *de la Fayette*, *de Coulanges*, *de la Troche*, Mademifelle *de Meri*, and I. Mr. *de la R. F.* loves you tenderly. I am just come from *Saint Germain* ; I have only Time to tell you that a thousand Persons prayed me to make their Compliments to you : Monsieur *de Montausier*, the Marshal *de Bellefont*, &c. Monsieur the DAUPHIN gave me a Kiss for you. Adieu, my Dear : I write Prose with a Facility that must be very tedious to you.

LETTER XV.

Paris, Friday, April 24, 1671.

WE have the finest Weather imaginable ; it began Yesterday, after violent Rains. It is the peculiar Happiness of the King ; it is a long while that we have observed it ; and it is for this Time likewise the Happiness of MONSIEUR the Prince, who has taken his Measures at *Chantilli* for the Summer and the Spring. The Rain that fell before Yesterday, would have made all these Expences ridiculous. His Majesty arrived there in the Evening,

Evening, and continues there To-day. D'A-
queville, who is gone thither, will give you a
Relation of all that passes there at his Return.
As for me, I expect a little Sketch of the
Entertainment this Evening; and I will send
it you with this Letter, which I will finish
in the Morning before I go *en* * *Bavarden* :
I shall make up my Paquet at the *Fauxbourg*.
If you observe upon us for filling up our
Letters with the Rain and the fine Weather,
we cannot deny it; I have just made a large
Chapter on that Subject.

The Abbé *Testu* came in Yesterday at Ma-
dame de *Richelieu*'s while I was there; he had
an Air of Gaiety, which was not at all to
the Honour of his absent Friends. I spoke
to him of my Voyage; he did not in the least
change his Tone, but said, with a Smile on
his Countenance, Well, Madame, we shall
see you again. This is not pleasant to write,
but it was extremely so to hear; we laughed
very much. In short, his Thought was fix'd
only upon that Circumstance; he very slight-
ly passed over all the Time of my Absence,
and found nothing to say to me but about
my Return. We all make use of this Phrase
at present in taking our Leave of each other.
I even speak it to myself in thinking of you,
but not with his Gaiety; the Length of your
Absence is a Circumstance I cannot forget.

I have bought me a Stuff, like that of your
last Petticoat, to make a *Robe de Chambre*;
the Price is but small. I despise *Bretagne*,
and

* A Term in Use amongst themselves, for going to
pick up News.

and will not make any Expence but for *Provence*, to support the Dignity you have raised me to, of being a Miracle between two Ages. Adieu, my dearest Minion; I love you beyond all that can be imagined. I will send you the News before I seal up my Paquet.

LETTER XVI.

Paris, Friday Evening, April 24, 1671.

I Make up my Paquet here. I had a Design to tell you that the King arrived Yesterday in the Evening at *Chantilly*: He hunted a Stag by Moon-light; the Lanterns played their Part wonderfully; the Fireworks indeed were a little effaced by the bright Eyes of our Friend; but, in a Word, the Evening, the Supper, the Play, every thing succeeded to a Miracle. The fine Weather we had To-day made us hope that every thing would answer so agreeable a Beginning: But this is what I have learnt since I came hither, the Surprise of which I have not yet recovered, and which makes me scarce know what I write; it is, that *Vatel*, the great *Vatel*, *Maitre d'Hotel* to Mr. *Fouquet*, and now the same to MONSIEUR the Prince; this Man of a distinguished Capacity, whose Head was capable of sustaining the Care of a State; this Man whom I knew, seeing that the Tide was not come in at Eight in the Morning, could not bear the Dishonour he imagined he should be oppressed with, and in one Word he stabb'd himself. You may imagine the horrible

rible Disorder that must have been caused by so dreadful an Accident. Consider, that the Tide perhaps came in as soon as he expired. I know nothing more of it at present, and I believe you think I have said enough. I do not doubt but the Confusion was great; and it was a terrible thing to happen at an Entertainment that cost fifty thousand Crowns.

Monfieur de Menars is to be married to Mademoiselle de la-Grange-Neuville. I do not know how I have the Heart to speak to you of any thing else but of *Vatel*.

LETTER XVII.

Paris, Sunday, April 26, 1671.

I Write on *Sunday*, but the Letter will not be sent till *Wednesday*; it is not a Letter, but a Relation that *Moreuil* has made me, with a Design to inform you of what has passed at *Chantilli* concerning *Vatel*. I writ you on *Friday*, that he had stabb'd himself; you shall now have an Account of it at large: The King came thither on *Thursday* in the Evening; the Walk, the Collation in a Place interwove with Jonquils; all this was perfectly agreeable: They supped; there were some Tables ill supplied, on Account of several Entertainments that were not expected. This struck *Vatel*; he said several Times, I have forfeited my Reputation; this is a Dishonour which I cannot support. He said to *Gourville*, My Head is disordered; I have not slept these twelve Nights; assist me in giving Orders,

Orders. *Gourville* comforted him as well as he could. The Dishes that were wanting were not at the King's Table, but at the *Vingt-cinquiemes*: This Misfortune run always in his Head. *Gourville* told the Prince of it; the Prince came himself to his Chamber, and said to him, *Vatel*, every thing goes well, nothing was ever so fine as the Supper at the King's Table. He replied, *Monsieur*, your Goodness quite oppresses me: I know there were Dishes wanting at two Tables. The Prince said, Not at all; never trouble yourself about it; every thing goes well. Night came; the Fireworks did not appear to Advantage, because the Weather was cloudy: This Part of the Entertainment cost sixteen thousand Francs. At Four in the Morning *Vatel* went his Rounds, and found every Body asleep: He met a Purveyor that had only brought in two Loads of Provisions; he demanded of him, whether that was all? The Fellow answered Yes, not knowing that *Vatel* had sent to all the Sea-port Towns. He waited some Time, the other Purveyors did not come; his Head grew warm, he believed he should have no more Provisions: He went to *Gourville*, and told him he should not survive the Shame of this Disappointment. *Gourville* endeavoured to shew him how ridiculous his Apprehensions were. *Vatel* runs to his Chamber, sets his Sword against the Door, and runs it through his Heart; it was at the third Pass, for he gave himself two Wounds which were not mortal; he falls dead. In the mean time, Provisions come in from all
Parts;

Parts ; they enquire for *Vatel* to distribute them ; they go to his Chamber, they knock, they break open the Door, they find him weltering in his Blood ; they run to *MONSIEUR* the Prince, who was in the utmost Concern about it : *MONSIEUR* the Duke wept ; he had depended on *Vatel* for his Voyage to *Bourgogne*. *MONSIEUR* the Prince told it to the King with great Concern. It was imputed to his having been too much a Man of Honour in his Way ; his Resolution was blamed and commended. The King said, he had put off his coming to *Chantilli* five Years, because he had foreseen what an excessive Embarras he should occasion. He told the Prince, that he ought to have but two Tables, and that he should not charge himself with the Whole ; he swore he would not suffer it any longer, that the Prince should take on himself so much Trouble : But this was too late for poor *Vatel*. In the mean time, *Gourville* endeavoured to repair the Loss of *Vatel*, and he succeeded very well in it. They dined very well, they had a Collation, they supped, they walked, they played, they hunted ; every thing was perfumed with Jonquils, every thing seemed enchanted. The next Day, which was *Saturday*, was spent in the same Manner : In the Evening the King went to *Liencourt*, where he had ordered * *Media Noche* ; he is to stay there To day.

This is the Account I had from *Moreüil* : I have dispatched the Commission I had from

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him ;

* A Midnight Entertainment.

him; and I know nothing farther. Mr. *d'Agueville*, who was present at all this, will doubtless give you a Relation of it; but because his Hand is not so legible as mine, I write notwithstanding. This is a tedious Story; however, I send it you, because I should be willing to hear it upon a like Occasion.

LETTER XVIII.

Livry, April 29, 1671.

I Had Yesterday a very pleasant Journey: I set out early from *Paris*, and dined at *Pomponne*. I found there our good * Friend, who expected me. I was not willing to lose the Opportunity of bidding him Adieu. I found him in so extreamly devout a Temper as very much affected me; the nearer he approaches to his End, the more Angelical he grows. He reprov'd me very seriously; and, transported with Zeal and Friendship for me, he said I was unwise in not thinking of being converted, that I was a perfect *Pagan*, that I made an Idol of you in my Heart, and that this Kind of Idolatry, tho' it might seem to me less criminal, was as dangerous as any other; in short, he desired me to consider of the State of my Soul. He said all this to me so earnestly, that I could not find any Reply to make to it. In a Word, after six Hours spent in Conversations, very agreeable, though very serious, I parted from him,
and

* Monsieur *Arnau'd a' Andilli*.

and came hither, where I find all the Triumph of the Month of *May*; the Nightingale, the Cuckow, and the Linnæa have begun the Spring. I walked out here all the Evening all alone; I have had all my melancholy Thoughts about me, but I will not trouble you with them.

You wish, my Dear, that Time would move on more swiftly, to oblige us with an Opportunity of seeing each other. You do not know what you do; perhaps he may take you at your Word, perhaps he will obey you too faithfully; and when you would stop his Flight, you will not have it in your Power. I have been heretofore guilty of the same Error with you, but I have repented it; and tho' he has not done me all the Mischief he does to others, yet he has not abstained from doing some little Injuries to my Features, and he has left but too evident Marks of his Passage.

You have writ an admirable Billet to *Bran-*
cas. He had writ to you the other Day a whole Ream of Paper; it was a pleasant Rhapsody enough. He read it to *Madame de Coulanges* and me: I desired him to finish it, and to send it me on *Wednesday*; he refused it, and said he would not have you see it upon any Account; it was too miserably silly and impertinent. Pray, Sir, what do you take us to be? you have read it to us: It was no matter for that, he still insisted that you should not have a Sight of it. He never was so ridiculously absurd. The other Day he solicited a Process at the First Court *des*

Enquetes; it was to be judged at the Second: This Blunder made the Court very merry; I believe it was the Occasion of his gaining his Cause.

L E T T E R XIX.

Paris, Wednesday, May 6, 1671.

I Thank you, my Dear, for the civil Reception you gave *la Brosse*, upon his bringing you a Letter of mine, writ four Months since. Old Letters are pleasant Things indeed; I have long thought them even more disagreeable than old People; all that is in the Inside of them is mere Dotage.

Your Gentleman, who described my Wit nimble, and regular, grave and studied, has judged excellently well of it in the Opinion of a certain Lady: I laughed heartily at the Account you gave me of it, and pitied you for having Nobody by, whom you might have the Pleasure of winking on, while he was making my Panegyric so judiciously; I wish at least, I had been behind the Tapestry.

Madame *de Verneuil* has been ill of the Gravel at *Verneuil*: She is brought to Bed of a Son, whom they named *Pierre*, for they could not properly call him * *Pierrot*, he was so big.

My Reign, as a fine Lady, I find begins to decline. We found the other Day at the *Thuilleries*, Mesdames de * * * *. The First seemed

* The Diminutive of *Pierre*.

seemed to us to discover the most accomplished Incivility, in answering like a Queen, ~~from her Couch of State~~, while we were making our Compliments to her, and telling her we had been to pay her a Visit. As for the other, we thought her so perfectly silly, that I lamented her Husband, as disagreeable as he is, and reckoned it was he that was ill married. How vain and silly all these young Women are, my Dear, more or less !

But let me ask, why you went to *Marseille* ? *Monsieur de Marseille* writes me word the Small Pox is there. Besides, the firing off the Cannon might have frightened you ; it is a very dangerous Thing. They say *de Biez* miscarried the other Day at the Report of a Pistol that was fired in the Street. You were perhaps to see the Gallies, and passed from one to another upon their narrow Bridges ; your Foot might have slipped, and you might have fallen. These are the Horrors that attend a Separation from you ; One is at the Mercy of all these Thoughts ; One may believe without Indiscretion, that every thing that is possible may have happened ; all the melancholy Thoughts that arise from our Temperament are Presentiments, our very Dreams are Presages, every Precaution is a Warning of some future Evil ; in a Word, it is an endless Inquietude.

You are too obliging to enter, as you do, into the Disagreeableness of my Journey ; it will not be small in the Temper I am in. You may imagine how many Remembrances of

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you

you will pass between *la * Mouffe* and me; how many Millions of Things will put us in Mind of you, without counting upon that habitual Thoughtfulness of you, which never leaves me. Do not write to me, my Dear, any more than will consist with your Health; and let it be always concerning the Condition you are in: Be less solicitous about answering my Letters, and speak of yourself. The longer I stay in *Bretagne*, the more Need I shall have of the Consolation of your Letters; do not write the less to me upon that Account. And, if you cannot yourself, make *de Ville* write for you; tell her she need not study any affected Phrases, as — *begging me to do her the Justice to believe — the respectful Attachment —* but let her speak of you, and more of you, and always of you.

I beg you not to treat with such Contempt the last Books of *la Fontaine*; there are Fables you will like, and Tales you will be charmed with. The Conclusion of *les Oyes de Frere Philippe, le Remois, les petites Chiens*; all this is very pleasant; there is nothing, but what is not writ in this Stile, that is flat. I have a Fancy to make a Fable, to let him understand how miserable it is in a Writer to force his Genius to go out of its proper Sphere; and what ill Musick is made by straining ones Voice beyond its natural Compass: He should never quit his agreeable Manner of writing Tales.

Monsieur de *Marseille* has informed the Abbe de *Pontcarré* that you are Breeding. I have done

* One of their near Relations.

L E T T E R S.

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done my Duty in concealing it long enough, and I am laughed at for pretending to do it any longer. I embrace that Grignan, notwithstanding the little Raileries I have suffered on his Account. I beg of him at least, that since he has occasioned the Distemper, he will be himself the Physician; I mean, that he will take an extream Care of your Health. I hope he will be the Master in what concerns that, as you ought to be the Mistress in other Things. Adieu, my Dear: I kiss you, and embrace you.

L E T T E R XX.

Paris, Wednesday, May 13, 1671.

I Have received your Letter from *Marseille*, my Dear; never did any Relation give me so agreeable Amusement. I read it with Pleasure and Attention; I am sorry I cannot forbear telling it you, because you do not love to be told so; but your Narrations are extremely diverting. I run over your Letter in all the Hurry of Impatience, but stopped short in the midst of it, that I might not devour it too hastily. I came with Grief to the Conclusion of it, with Grief in every Sense; for I see nothing but Impossibility of your Return, I who wish it so much. But I beg of you, my Dear, do not absolutely banish Hope neither from me, nor from yourself. As for me, I will certainly come and see you, before you take any Resolution upon it; it is a Voyage necessary to my Life.

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I am still here, but I am impatient of being detained ; I was resolved to go from hence on *Friday*, but the Abbé begs me upon his bended Knee, it may not be till *Monday*. There is no getting the Priests out of *Paris* ; the Ladies are the only Persons who can be persuaded to leave it. I shall then go on *Monday*. I fancy you have a Mind to know my Equipage, that you may, as it were, see me passing along. I shall go with two *Caleches* ; I have seven Coach-Horses, a Sumpter-Horse that carries my Bed, and three or four Horsemen to ride by. I shall be in the first *Caleche* drawn by my two fine Horses ; the Abbé will be sometimes with me : In the second there will be my Son, *la Mouffe*, and *Helene* ; to this will belong four Horses and a Postillion. Sometimes the grave Gentleman with his Breviary will be contented to march in the second Rank, and give Place to a certain Breviary of *Corneille*, which we have a Mind to read, *Seigné* and I. These are very trifling Particulars ; but we are not displeased with them from Persons we love. Your Letter to your Brother is very pleasant ; I have laughed heartily at it. I could have sworn that his * * * * was some ridiculous Creature ; in Effect, I have found that she resembles a peeled Almond. These are Complexions I can never be reconciled to.

I have myself ordered your Furniture to be taken down, and laid up carefully in a Chamber by itself ; I was present while it was done. If any thing does but belong to
you,

you, that is sufficient to recommend it to my Care : I have not so much Concern for my self ; Heaven preserve me from it. A great deal of Company goes out of Town with me on *Monday*. *Branca*s is already gone. I do not certainly know whether it be true or not ; for he has not been to take his Leave of me ; but perhaps he thinks he has. He was the other Day standing before the Table at *Madame de Coulanges's* ; I desired him to sit down and sup with us. He still continued standing very ceremoniously. *Madame de Coulanges* asked him, why he would not sit. I protest, says he, *Madame de Saussai* makes us wait a great while for her ; I believe they have not told her that Supper is served up. The Lady he expected, he knew had been gone to *Autri* above five Weeks before. This Piece of Civility, performed in the most natural and unaffected Manner, set us all a laughing.

I embrace you a thousand and a thousand Times. Continue still to love me ; it is the only Joy, and the only Consolation of my Life.

L E T T E R XXI.

Paris, Friday, May 15, 1671.

From *Mr. de la Rochefoucault's*.

I Am with a Man who loves you, and who begs you to believe that he has been much delighted with your Description of the Galleries at *Marseille*. *Madame de la Fayette* is

D 5

dictating

dictating to me very fine Things, which I will not write to you. We have been walking at *Faverolle's* at *Iffy*; where the Nightingales, the White Thorn, the Lilas, the Fountains, and the fine Weather, have given us all the innocent Pleasures it is possible to conceive. It is a Place where I have seen you; this makes it an agreeable Amusement of my Tenderness. If you remember, we once saw a Cat there, which had a violent Fancy to tear out *Madame de la Fayette's* Eyes, and almost succeeded in the Attempt. I have bid Adieu to all the Beauties of this Country, and am going to a Country more wild and savage: But there is no Place, my Dear, where I shall not find Means of thinking continually of you. I have recommended your little Daughter to *Madame Amelot*, to *Madame Dormesson*, and above all, to *Madame Dupuy-Dufoy*, with whom I was Yesterday two whole Hours; she will take the same Care of it, as if it was her own. I have taken Leave of *Usez*, and of a thousand others; in a Word, my Journey is a Thing concluded on. *Monsieur de Rambure* is dead; figure to yourself his afflicted Widow with her *Bandeau*. The *Abbe de Foix* is dying; he has received all the Sacraments; he is in the last Agonies; it affects me with Pity. I have received a Letter from *Corbinelly*, who seems very well pleased with *Mr. de Vardes*, and with his Liberality. If you write to *Vardes*, I beg you to let him know what I have told you, that he may be satisfied there is nothing farther from being ungrateful than his Friend. Good Night,

LETTERS.

59.

Night, my Dear ; we are here extremely dull, and have nothing gay to write to you. If you can take Pleasure in being perfectly loved, you will be pleased with my Amity.

LETTER XXII.

Rachers, Sunday, June 7, 1678.

I Have received two of your Letters with a Sort of Pleasure not easily to be explained ; I received them two Days after they arrived at *Paris* ; this seems to bring me nearer to you. The Billet you writ to my Son, was not cooled in Snow, but seasoned with Salt and Pepper ; every Syllable, from the first Word to the last, carried a Sting in it. I leave him to answer it, and to tell you how he has succeeded in the Village, and at a Ball at *Vitré*.

There has been in *Provence* a poor Old Man broke on the Wheel, who sustained with Courage that cruel Kind of Death. He behaved himself better than the Comte de * *Frangepani*, who was executed two Months ago at *Vienna*, for having been in a Conspiracy against the Emperor. This *Frangepani* was so incapable of supporting Death in Publick, that they were forced to drag him to the Scaffold, and to hold him there between four. This is exactly as I should have done. But now you are speaking of Punishments, there has been an Execution here, which

* An Italian ; who was in the Service of the Emperor.

which would have made you shiver. Mr. *du Plessis* had upon both his Feet a little painful Ill, something like what you have had ; but instead of the Treatment you met with from *Charon*, there is here a very skilful Man, an admirable Man, as *Mademoiselle de Plessis* says, who proposed to him, and has put in Execution, a little gentle Remedy, which was to tear off by Force the two Nails of his great Toes by the Roots, that this Incommodity, as he says, may not return. He kept his Bed when we came hither ; he is now able to go, but it is like a tottering Castle. I am afraid they may say to him, as long as he lives, † *I am afraid you are near falling, you do not stand firm upon your Feet.*

Mademoiselle de Plessis is still the same adorable Creature she always was ; she assures us she has always heard that *Monsieur de Grignan* is the finest Gentleman ! the finest Gentleman that ever was seen. If you had heard the Tone she said it in, you would have given her a second Box on the Ear. I am sometimes so unhappy as to say a Thing that pleases her ; I wish you was to hear her commend and imitate me. She remembers some Things she has heard you say, which she gives us with the same Grace. I wish nothing brought you more into my Remembrance, I should be very easy.

* *Pomenart* is still oppressed with criminal Prosecutions, in which no less than his Life is con-

† A Saying in a Comick Romance.

* He was prosecuted for Coining, and upon his being acquitted he paid the Costs of his Trial in false Money.

concerned. He was solliciting the other Day at *Rennes* with a long Beard ; Somebody asked him, why he would not have it shaved ? He * replied, That it would be very imprudent in him to be at any Expence upon it, till he knew to whom it belonged. The King, says he, disputes it with me ; when it is determined who has a Right to it, if it falls to my Lot, I will take the Care of it. This is his Manner of solliciting his Judges.

You will see by this Letter of the Bishop of *Marseille*, that we are still very good Friends. I believe I have received this same Letter from him ten Times over. The Phrases are always the same. He always does me *the Justice to believe* ——— and begs me to be persuaded that he is *with a very profound Veneration* ——— the Bishop of *Marseille*. For my Part, I believe him. I beg you to continue the sincere Friendship that is between us, and not to take off the Mask, and charge yourself with having his Hatred to support ; it is a heavier Burthen than you imagine.

What Confidence is it in you, to sit for your Picture ! I am very glad to hear it, it is a Sign you are in full Beauty. Tell me in what Order you found your fine † *Chateau* ; I wish you had, amidst all your Magnificence, one of my little green Alleys ; you who always love to find out some such agreeable Retirement in every little Spot.

Your Brother is a Treasure of Folly, which delights us much here. We have here some-
times

* A Reply of Sir *Thomas Moore*.

† A Castle or a Nobleman's Seat.

times very good Conversations, which he might make his Advantage of ; but his Wit is a little rarefied into a Sort of whipt Cream ; he is in other Respects very agreeable. I hope you do not forget your *Italian* ; I constantly read a little, to fit myself for polite Conversation. You say that Mr. *de Grignan* embraces me. Indeed, my dear *Grignan*, you lose all Respect. Come then and play a little in my Mall : It is so pleasant there ; I have such a Mind to see you play ; you have so good a Grace ; you give such admirable Strokes. You are very cruel to refuse me a Walk there for one Hour. And you, my little Dear, come and let us talk together. I could almost weep, when I reflect on the Distance that separates us.

LETTER XXIII.

Rochers, June 10, 1671.

I Write To-day only for the Sake of writing to you. I am going to entertain you, my Dear, on the delightful and uncommon Theme of the Rain and the fine Weather ; for I had your Letters but on the *Friday*, and I am answering them the *Sunday*. I begin then with the Rain, for as for the fine Weather, I have little to say of it. It is eight Days since we have had continual Rains here Night and Day. I say continual ; for the Showers have been only interrupted by Storms. I cannot go Abroad ; my Workmen are all dispersed ; my Son is at *Rennes*. I am excessively

sively melancholy; *la Mouffe* is in very ill Humour; we read, we have nothing but that to keep us alive.

There has been another Ball on *Sunday* at *Vitré*. I wish your Brother does not find good Company there, that is to say, ten or twelve Men, to whom he gave a Supper at the *Tour de Sevigné*. He is obliged to endure them, but I hope he will not think them agreeable. There was a notable Quarrel amongst them about nothing. The Lye was heard to be given; the Combatants were parted; there was much talking, and little reasoning: *Monsieur le Marquis* had the Honour to accommodate this Affair; from thence he went to *Rennes*.

There were great Cabals at *Vitré*. *Mademoiselle du Croqueois* complains of *Mademoiselle du Cernet*, because the other Day there were *China Oranges* at the Ball, and none of them were presented to her. You must consult upon this Point *Mademoiselle du Pleffis* and *la Launay*, for they are acquainted with the whole History of this Affair.

Madame de Coulanges writes me Word, that there is no News of *Branças*, but only that of six Coach-Horses he has only one left, and that he was the last that perceived it.

They write me no manner of News. Our little Damsel *d'Alegre* is with her Mother: It is believed that *Mr. de Ségnelay* will marry her. I believe you do not want Correspondents to write to you every thing. For my Part, I despise all these little Occurrences; I would have something that is violently surprising.

I do

I do not know what Effect the States will have upon me ; I believe I shall fly the Country for Fear of being ruined. It is a pleasant Thing to spend four or five hundred Pistoles in Fricassees, and in Dinners, to have the Honour of keeping a House of Entertainment for Monsieur and Madame de Chaulnes, Madame de Rohan, Monsieur de Lavaradin, and for all *la Bretagne*, who, without knowing me, will not fail to visit me for the Pleasure of aping the others. We shall see. I only regret leaving Monsieur d'Harouïs, and that Family, where I shall not have dispatched half the Business I have there.

My chief Desire would be to turn Devotee; I am every Day teasing *la Mousse* about it. I am neither religious nor irreligious ; this State of Mind is uneasy to me ; tho', between ourselves, I think it the most natural in the World. One is not wholly irreligious, because One has a Principle of Virtue ; and One is not wholly religious neither, because One finds a Difficulty in keeping up to the Rules of Virtue ; and One does not love to destroy One's self. This is the Disposition of the Lukewarm, the great Number of whom does not surprize me. I enter into their Reasons. But they are hateful to God ; we must therefore leave them ; and this is the Difficulty.

Adieu, my Dear ; let me hear of your Health, and a little of your Sentiments, enough only to let me see that you are contented, and happy with *Grignan*. All I have to say is, love me ; tho' it be an Expression that we have turned into Ridicule, yet it is
very

very just and natural. For my part, I will not tell you whether I am yours, nor with what Heart, nor with what Tenderness. I embrace our good Comte. Our Abbé and *la Mouffe* adore you.

LETTER XXIV.

Roches, Sunday, June 21, 1671.

AT length, my Dear, I breathe at Liberty; I sigh at Ease, like *Monsieur de la Souche*; my Heart is relieved from an Oppression, which gave it no Repose. I have been three Posts without receiving Letters from you; I have been so much in Pain about your Health, that I was reduced to wish you had writ to all the World except to me. I could have been contented to have had the last Place in your Memory, rather than to bear the terrible Inquietude of my Apprehensions for your Health. But, my Dear, I repent of having acquainted you with my Grievs; they will give you Pain, when I no longer feel them. This is the Unhappiness of being at a Distance from you: Alas! it is not the only one.

You give me an admirable Account of your religious Ceremonies; they are profane to such a Degree, that I cannot comprehend how your pious Archbishop can suffer them: It is true, he is an *Italian*, and this ridiculous Mode comes from his Country.

You will find some Difficulty in lengthening the short Petticoats which are so much in Fashion. Our Damsels at *Vitre*, one of whom is called *de Bonnefoi*, another *de Croqueison*,

queoisson, and *de Kerborgne*, wear them above their Ankles. I call *la Plessis Mademoiselle de Kertouche*. These Names divert me.

We have had here continual Rains ; and instead of the Proverb, After Rain comes fair Weather ; we say, After Rain comes Rain. All our Workmen are dispersed : And instead of directing your Letters to me at the Foot of a Tree, you may direct them to the Chimney Corner.

We read much : *La Mouffe* has begged that he may read *Tasso* with me. I understand it very well, because I have been well taught. This Employment is a Kind of Diversion to me : His *Latin* and his good Sense make him a good Scholar ; and my Rote, and the good Masters I have had, make me a tolerable Mistress. My Son reads to us Trifles, Comedies which he recites like *Moliere* himself, Verses, Romances, Histories ; he is very amusing ; he has Wit and good Sense ; he leads us on, and hinders us from reading any thing serious, as we had a Design to do. When he is gone, we shall again betake ourselves to the moral Discourses of *Nicole* : But above all, One should endeavour to pass away Life with a little Ease and Satisfaction : But how is that possible, my Dear, when we are at three hundred Leagues Distance from you ? You say very well, we do indeed see and converse with one another, but it is through a thick Veil. I write to you twice a Week, and our Friend *du Bois* takes an infinite deal of Care of our Commerce, that is of my Life.

Your

Your little Daughter is very pleasant ; she does not presume to aspire to the Perfection of her Mother's Nose, and she is not willing to take up with that of her Father. I shall only say, that she is for making a third Party, and has made Choice of a little squarish Nose. I hope, my Dear, you will not be angry with her for it. Adieu.

L E T T E R XXV.

Rochers, July 3, 1671.

I Do not find, my Dear, that you have received my Letters of the 17th, and 21st of June. I always write to you twice a Week, it is a Joy and Consolation to me ; and I receive on *Friday* two of your Letters, which keep up my Spirits all the Week. You must doubtless have thought it pleasant that I should write to you so much about the Coadjutor at the Time you had him with you ; but I did not think of his Gout, when I writ. Ah ! Signor Corvo, if you had been contented with meer Necessaries, * *un poco di Pane, un poco di Vino*, you would not have been in the Condition you are : One must suffer the Gout, when One has deserved it ; indeed, good Sir, I am sorry for it, but it is very well bestowed on you.

I find, my Dear, you are far from being in Solitude ; I am pleased with all those who can divert you. You will soon have Madame de Rochebonne with you ; let me know always what

* A little Bread, and a little Wine.

what Company you have. The Coadjutor is good to keep by you a great while. He will doubtless accept the Offer you make him, to let him have the Honour to finish the building of your *Chateau*: What else can he do with his Money? His good Husbandry is such, that it will make no great Article in his Expences.

You have writ a Letter to *la Mousse*, for which I ought to thank you as much as he; it is full of Amity for me. *D'Agueville* is very pleasant in having sent you mine. *Brancas* has at last writ me a Letter so excessively tender, that it makes amends for his past Forgetfulness. He speaks of his Heart in every Line; if I should answer him in the same Tone, we should write very good *Portuguese*.

We should not praise any One before his Death: It is very justly said, and we have Examples of it every Day. But, after all, the Publick always does Justice: It praises People, when they do well; but as it has great Sagacity, it is not long imposed on, and blames them, when they do ill. When they go from doing ill to doing well, the Publick does not answer for the Future, but speaks as it sees. The Comtess *de Gramont* and others, have felt the Effects of its Inconstancy; but it does not begin to change first. You have no Reason to complain of it; it is not likely to begin by you to be guilty of any of its great Injuries.

You speak too well of my Letters: My Dear, I always count upon your Tenderneſs,
and

and I have long used to say to you, that you are true. This Commendation pleases me ; it is new, and preferable to all others ; but in some Cases even this may be prejudicial. I feel at the Bottom of my Heart all the Advantage of being in these Sentiments. Alas ! how few are there who are, in my Sense, true ! Reflect a little upon this Expression ; you will be pleased with it ; I find in it, in the Manner I understand it, a Force beyond the ordinary Signification.

The charming *Plessis* is exactly, and in every Point, entirely false. I do her too much Honour in condescending so far as even to speak ill of her. She plays all Sorts of Characters ; she acts the Devout, the Notable, the Timorous, the Tender, the Good-natured ; but, above all, she counterfeits me in such a Manner, as always to give me the same Pleasure, as if I was viewing myself in a Glass that made me appear ridiculous, or talking to an Echo that answered me with Impertinences.

There has been vacant in the Family of MONSIEUR, a Post of twenty thousand Crowns ; he has given it to * *l'Ange*, to the great Satisfaction of all his Court.

Monsieur de la Vauguion, after two Years Intimacy with Fromenteau, has at last declared himself, and has placed her in his Lodgings ; he has an excellent Taste.

I am, my Dear, entirely yours ; if you love me, take Care of your Health.

* *Madame de Grancé.*

L E T T E R

LETTER XXVI.

Rochers, Sunday, July 5, 1671.

IT is a Mark of your Amity, my Dear, to be pleased with all the Fooleries I write to you from hence. You enter much into the Interests of *Mademoiselle Croqueoisson*; in Recompence, there is not a Word in your Letters that is not dear to me. I scarce dare to read them, for fear of having too soon read them through; and were it not for the Pleasure of often beginning them afresh, I should make them hold out longer; but on the other Hand, my Impatience makes me devour them. I wonder how I should do, if your writing was like that of *Mr. d'Agueville*: Would the Power of Friendship teach me to decypher it? I own, I very much question it. I have heard many Histories of the Sagacity inspired by Love: But, after all, I love *Mr. d'Agueville* very well, but yet I cannot accustom myself to the strange Characters he uses. I understand nothing of what he writes; he seems to be speaking in some antique Language; I hammer at it, I conjecture, I mispel one Word for another; and when the Sense escapes me, I grow impatient, and throw the Letter aside. I tell you this in secret; for I would not have him know the Difficulties he puts me to; he thinks his Billets as legible as if they were in Print. Pray let me know how you accommodate yourself to them.

The

The Apoplexy of the Chevalier *de Baons* puts me in a Fright: Is it not he that is *plundering upon the Seas? It was not without Reason that you took so much Care to make him go to Confession.

And you, Mr. *de Grignan*, I recommend to you the Health of my Daughter; apply yourself to that; do you be the Master, and not do as you did at the *Pont d'Avignon*. In this Point keep your Authority; for the rest, leave it to her; she is more skilful than you. She writes me admirable Things concerning her good Intentions for your Affairs. How much I lament you for not having the Pleasure of receiving her Letters! You was much happier the last Year: I wish you had still that Happiness, and I had the Pleasure of embracing her. Adieu, my dear Comte, tho' you are the Man in the World the most beloved, I believe you never had a Mother-in-Law, who loved you so much as I do.

Mr. *de Foix* is sometimes at the last Extremity, and sometimes better. I would not answer for any who have the Small-Pox this Year. Here is a young Son of the Landgrave of *Hesse*, who died of a Fever without having been let Blood. His Mother, at parting, laid her Commands upon him not to suffer himself to be let blood in *Paris*; he was obedient, and he is dead. *Noirmoutier* is blind without Resource.

The Marshal *de la Ferté* says Things that are unparalleled. He presented to his Wife the Comte *de Saint-Paul*, and the Comte *de Fiesque*,

* Cruising.

Fiesque, in Quality of Youths that were to be presented to the Ladies. He reproached the Comte de Saint-Paul with having been so long without coming to see him; the Comte answered, That he had often been to visit him, but perhaps he had not been informed of it.

LETTER XXVII.

Rochers, Wednesday, July 8, 1671.

THE building of our Chappel advances apace; this diverts me a little, and wholly employs the Abbé: But my Park is without Life; that is to say, without Workmen, on Account of the Hay-making.

Do not you think the Death of Mr. de * *Monloüet* much to be pitied? A Cavalier thus dismounted, and killed upon the Spot.

Madame de la Fayette tells me, she thinks herself obliged to write to you in my Absence, and that she will do it from Time to Time. This appears to me extremely civil; but since she is to have the Pleasure of your Answers, I do not think myself under any great Obligation to her. This I think is making a Compliment very advantageous to herself. I believe, my Dear, I do you Wrong, in doubting of your Intelligence; as to the Obscurity there seems to be in it, I think it is to be imputed to myself. I was deeply affected, even at this Distance, with the

* Monsieur de *Monloüet* fell off from his Horse, as he was reading a Letter from his Mistress.

the * Service performed for the Soul of
 † MADAME: I thought on the Emotion
 you felt from it, and how your Mind was
 disordered. My Thoughts are continually
 employed about you, my Dear; and I spend
 more Hours at Grignan than at Rochers. I
 hope you do not put yourself under any
 Constraint on Account of those who visit
 you frequently; one must model them ac-
 cording to One's own Humour, otherwise
 One could not bear them with Patience. I
 have made *la Plessis* comprehend, that the Air
 of the Court is an easy unconstrained Manner
 of Behaviour; so that when she passes whole
 Days with me, I take the Liberty to read
Italian with *la Mouffe*: She is charmed with
 this Familiarity, and thinks herself treated
 upon the same Foot as if she was one of the
 Ladies of the Court. My Son has engaged
 me deep in *Cleopatra*, and I am reading it
 through: This is a Folly which I beg you to
 make a Secret of. I have here my three Priests
 with me, who all of them act their Parts per-
 fectly well, except in saying Mass; it is the
 only Thing I want in their Company. I
 walk much; the Weather is warm and fine;
 I find no Inconvenience from it in this House;
 when the Sun lies upon my Chamber, I go
 out into the Woods, where there is a delicious
 Coolness. Let me know, whether you find
 yourself so commodiously situated in your
 Chateau.

* *Le Brut de l'An*, a Service performed with great
 Magnificence for Princes, a Year after their Decease.

† *Henrietta* Queen of *England*.

LETTER XXVIII.

Rochers, Sunday, July 12, 1671.

I Have received but one Letter from you, my Dear; and it puts me out of Humour; I have been always used to receive two: It is dangerous to accustom People to such over kind and tender Treatment as yours, they cannot easily bear the Want of it.

The Coadjutor has been a little out of Order, but he is entirely recovered. His Indolence is a Thing incredible; and it is the more unpardonable in him, since Nobody writes better, when he will take the Pains to do it. He entirely loves you, and will make you a Visit after the Middle of *August*; till then he is not at Liberty to do it. He swears he never is at Leisure, but I believe he lies; I impute his not writing to his Falshood; and I look upon the pretended Weakness of his Eyes to be a feigned Excuse. This is all I know of him; and you may wonder how I get all this odd Intelligence I send you, since I am ignorant upon what Foot I myself am with him; if by any Accident you hear any thing, you will oblige me by letting me know it.

I think a thousand Times in a Day on the happy Time, when I could see you whenever I pleased. Indeed, my Dear, it is my Part to sing the Song you taught me,

Ah! Shepherdess, when will the Time return!

I regret it every Day of my Life, and wish it would return again at any Price. It is not that I reproach myself with not having been sufficiently sensible of the Pleasure of being with you : I can safely protest to you, that I have never regarded you with Indifference, nor with that languid Affection we are apt to feel for Persons who are continually with us : My Eyes, nor my Heart have never been accustomed to such Views, or to such Sentiments ; nor have they ever conversed with you without Delight and Tenderness ; which, if for some Moments they ceased to appear, were then felt in the liveliest Manner. It is not therefore on this Account that I have any thing to reproach myself with ; but I regret the not having taken every Opportunity to be with you, and the having had cruel Reasons for depriving myself of that Pleasure. It would be a fine Thing indeed, if I should indulge myself in the Liberty of filling my Letters, with what fills my Heart : But, alas ! as you say, we are forced to slide over a great Variety of Thoughts, and scarce seem to observe them in ourselves ; I doubt not but that you frequently experience something like this in your own Heart.

We are reading over *Tasso* with Pleasure, and find Beauties in him, which are not observed by such as do not thoroughly understand this agreeable Writer. We have begun upon our favourite System of * Morality ; it is in the same Strain with *Pascal*. Now I mention *Pascal*, it comes into my Fancy, to admire

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the

* An Essay on Morality, by Mr. *Nicole*.

the Civility of those obliging Gentlemen the Post-boys, who are continually upon the Roads, employed in carrying, and in returning our Letters. There is no Day or Hour when they are not passing and repassing, with Letters of mine to you, or of yours to me. How kind is this ! and what Obligations do they lay us under ! What an excellent Invention is the Post ! and how useful a Passion is that Curiosity which gives Birth to it ! I often find myself inclined to write to these obliging Persons, to express my Gratitude to them ; and I believe I should have done it, if I had not recollected that Passage in *Pascal*, that they have perhaps as great an Inclination to thank me for writing so many Letters, as I have to thank them for taking the Trouble of carrying them. Is not this a pleasant Digression ?

I return to the Account of the Authors we are reading ; they do not make me neglect *Cleopatra*, which I have engaged to go thro' with ; and you know how well I keep to my Engagements. I consider sometimes, from whence can proceed the Inclination I have for these Fooleries ; I find it difficult to account for it. You may perhaps remember enough of me to know how much I am offended with an ill Stile : I have some Taste for a just Manner of writing ; and none is more touched with the Charms of Eloquence. The Stile of *Calprenede* is execrable in a thousand Passages : His swelling pompous Periods, interspersed with low Expressions, I am sensible, are exquisitely ridiculous. I writ the
other

LETTERS.

77

other Day a very pleasant Letter to my Son in this Stile, which I think detestable; and yet I am entangled by it, as if it were strewed with Bird-lime. The Beauty of the Sentiments, the Violence of the Passions, the Greatness of the surprising Events, and the miraculous Success of their all-conquering Sword; all this leads me on, like a Girl, and makes me enter into all their Affairs: And, if I had not Mr. *de la Rochefoucault* and Mr. *d'Agueville* to comfort me, I should never forgive myself, for being guilty of such a Weakness. Sometimes I fancy I hear you upbraiding me with it; but I make some ill Excuse, and persist in it.

I am, my Dearest, entirely yours: Say a Word of Amity for me to Mr. *Grignan*. Does he still adore you?

LETTER XXIX.

Rechers, July 13, 1671.

I Am very glad that Mr. *de Coulanges* has sent you the News: perhaps you have not yet heard of the Death of Mr. *de Guise*, which I am oppressed with, when I reflect on the Grief of Mademoiselle *de Guise*. You may easily judge, my Dear, that it is only by the Force of Imagination that I can suffer from this Event; for in other Respects, nothing will less trouble the Repose of my Life. You know how much I fear the Reproaches One makes one's-self. Mademoiselle *de Guise* has nothing to reproach herself with, except the

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Death

Death of her Nephew. She would never consent that he should be let blood: The too great Quantity of Blood caused that violent Perturbation in his Brain. It is a Circumstance very extraordinary: I imagine, that as soon as any one falls sick at *Paris*, he immediately falls dead; I have never seen so great a Mortality. I beg of you, my Dear, to take Care of yourself; and if any of the Children at *Grignan* should fall ill of the Small-Pox, send them to *Montelimart*: Your Health is the Object of all my Desires.

I must send you some News concerning our States, which will perhaps make you reflect with some Pain, that you belong to *Bretagne*. Monsieur the Duke de *Chaulnes* arrived here on *Sunday* in the Evening; his Coming made all the Noise that could be made at *Vitré*. On the *Monday* Morning he writ me a Letter; I answered it by going to dine with him. There were two Tables in the same Room, with fourteen Covers at each Table: *Monsieur* sat at one, and *Madame* at the other. We had a very great Entertainment; whole Dishes were carried off untouched; but to make Way for the Pyramids of Fruit, the Doors should have been raised. Our Ancestors, not foreseeing the Machines now in Use, did not comprehend that there was any Necessity of making their Doors above their own Height. A Pyramid was coming in; it was one of those Pyramids which oblige us to correspond by sending Letters from one End of the Table to the other: But this is so far from being an Inconvenience here, that,

that, on the contrary, it is a Pleasure not to see the Persons who are eclipsed by it. This Pyramid, with twenty or thirty large Pieces of China on it, was overturned at the Entrance; and the Noise of the Overthrow was so great, that it put to Silence the Violins and the Hautboys. After Dinner, Messieurs de Lomaria and Coetlogon danced, with two Ladies of Bretagne, most miraculous Passpies and Minuets, with such an Air as is unknown at the Court: They performed the Step of the Bohemians and the Bretons with such a Delicacy and Justness as charmed the Beholders. I thought of you, and had so lively a Remembrance of your Dancing, and of the Pleasure I had felt in seeing you dance, that this Pleasure became a Kind of Grief to me. They talked much of you. I am sure you would have been pleased to have seen Lomaria dance. The Violins and the Passpies at Court would be displeasing, if compared to these; they were really very extraordinary: They made a thousand different Steps, and all with the same just and easy Cadence. I have not seen any Man dance this Dance like him. After this little Ball, we had a Crowd of those who were come to hold the States the next Day. There was Monsieur the First President, and Messieurs the Procurator, and the Advocates General of the Parliament, eight Bishops, Mr. de Molac, la Costa, and Coetlogon the Father, Mr. Boucherat, who comes from Paris, and fifty from la basse Bretagne, all over dawbed with Embroidery, besides an hundred Communities. In the Evening were

expected Madame *de Roban* on the one Side; and her Son and Mr. *Lavardin* on the other. I did not see these last, because I designed to return hither at Night, after having been at the *Tour de Seigné*, and seen Mr. *d'Harouy*, and Messieurs *Foucher* and *Chefière*, who arrived here. Mr. *d'Harouy* will write to you; he is extremely obliged by your handsome Manner of treating him. He has received two Letters from you at *Nantes*, for which I am more obliged to you than he is. His House will be the *Louvre* of the States: There is Play and Entertainments Night and Day; and a free and easy Reception, which draws all the World thither. I had never seen the States before; it is really a fine Sight; I do not think any Province, when assembled, has a more grand Air than this.

I shall soon pay a Visit to Madame *de Roban*. I should have a great deal of Company here, if I did not retire to *Vitré*. The Province were much pleased to see me at the States, which I had never been present at before. I did not see the Assembly opened, it was too early; and they did not sit long. There is nothing more to be done, than to demand what is the King's Pleasure: There is not the least Debate; it is immediately concluded on. As for the Governour, he finds, I do not know how, more than forty thousand Crowns coming to him, besides an infinite Number of Presents and Perquisites, Pensions, Reparations of Roads, and of Towns, fifteen or twenty Tables kept, perpetual Play and Balls, Comedies thrice a Week,

L E T T E R S.

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Week, a great Magnificence of Dress, as well in Men as Women. This may give you an Idea of the States. I omit four or five hundred Hogsheads of Wine that are drank; but if I should not mention this little Article, it would not be forgotten, it is a Thing of the last Importance. These, my Dear, are such tedious Relations as will make you sleep standing; but they are always at the Tip of One's Pen, when One is in *Bretagne*, and has nothing better to say. I have a thousand Compliments to make you from Mr. and Madame *du Chaulnes*. I am entirely devoted to you; and I expect the *Friday* when I am to receive your Letters, with an Impatience worthy of the Amity I have for you. Our *Abbé* embraces you, and I my dear *Grignan*, and all that is dear to you.

L E T T E R . XXX.

Rochers, July 15, 1671.

IF I should write down all the amusing Thoughts of you that hourly come into my Mind, I should never want a Subject for the longest Letters in the World; but since this is not easily done, I am contented with writing what is capable of being contained in a Letter, and with amusing myself with what can only serve for Amusement; I have all the Leisure and Opportunity for it that can be desired. *La Mousse* has a Defluxion upon his Knee, which leaves me the Liberty of the Mall to divert myself in as I please;

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my

my Diversion is walking in it till the Close of the Evening. My Son is not here; this occasions a Silence, a Tranquillity, and a Solitude, that is rarely found in any other Place. I do not tell you, my Dear, whom I think on, nor with what Tenderneſs; it is needless to mention what lies ſo open to Conjecture.

If you were not breeding, and the * *Hippogriff* were ſtill in the World, it would be a Piece of Gallantry never to be forgotten, to have the Courage to mount him and make me a Viſit ſometimes. This, my Dear, would not give you any Manner of Trouble; he would fly round the Globe with you in two Days: You might come and dine with me, and be back again at Supper with Mr. *de Grignan*; or ſup here, for the Sake of the agreeable Walk, and return the next Morning early enough to be at Maſs.

My Son is at *Paris*, but will not make any long Stay there; the Court is returning thither, and he muſt not ſhew himſelf. The Loſs of Mr. the Duke *d'Anjou* ſeems to be very conſiderable.

Mademoiſelle *du Pleſſis* often honours us with her Preſence: She ſaid the other Day at Table, That they lived in a very extravagant Manner in *baffe Bretagne*; and that at the Wedding of her Siſter-in-Law, they had twelve hundred Pieces of Roaſt-Meat. We all ſate like Statues; at laſt I took the Courage to ſay, Pray, Mademoiſelle, conſider of it, do not you mean twelve Pieces? She replied,

* A Fiction of *A. iſto*.

LETTERS.

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replied, No; it was eleven or twelve hundred, she would not be positive whether of the two for fear of making a Mistake; she repeated it twenty Times, and would not bate us a single Puller. We computed, that there must have been at least three hundred Fowlers employed in taking the smallest Birds; and that the Wedding Dinner must have been made in some large Meadow covered over with Tents; and that if there had been but five hundred, they must have spent a Month in making Preparations for it. This made excellent Table-Talk; you would have been delighted with it. Did you ever hear a Creature lye so extravagantly? I am, my Dear, entirely yours.

LETTER XXXI.

Rochers, July 18, 1671.

YOU have with you, my Dear, a very fine Company of the *Grignans*, I congratulate you upon it; but Heaven keep you from the good Aunt, she is very troublesome to me here. I have passed some Days at *Vitré*; I have not any where seen such prodigious Entertainments. There is not a Table at Court to be compared to the least of twelve or fifteen that are there: But it is to entertain three hundred People, who have no where else to eat. I left this Place on *Monday*, after having dined with *Madame de Chaulnes*, and having made your Compliments to her and

and Madame de * *Murinet*; she has something in her Manner of Wit, and in her Humour, which would be extremely agreeable to you; the Compliments I made for you could not have been received or returned in a more handsome Manner. The whole Province of *Bretagne* was drunk that Day: We dined at a Table by ourselves; at the Table beneath us there were forty Gentlemen, who drank each of them forty Healths. The King's Health was first drank, and the Glasses broke. This was designed as a grateful Acknowledgment for one hundred thousand Crowns which the King had remitted to the Province out of the Present they had made him, to recompense their Obedience, and the Zeal they had shewn for his Service. By this Effect of his Liberality, we are to pay but two Millions, and two hundred thousand Livres, instead of five hundred thousand. The King writ with his own Hand a thousand kind Things to his good Province of *Bretagne*; and after the Governour had read the Letter to the States, and they had demanded a Copy of it to be registred; the Skies resounded with Acclamations of Long live the King; and then they fell to drinking, but to drinking to such an Extravagance!

Mr. de *Chaulnes* did not forget, upon so good an Occasion, the Health of the Lady Governess of the Province; a Gentleman of *Bretagne*,

* The Mother of Mr. *le Marquis de Carmant*: She went to *Rome* with Madame de *Chaulnes*; and the Cardinal *Ottoboni* had such an Esteem for her, that when he was Pope, thirty-five Years after, he wrote a very obliging Brief in her Favour.

tagne, designing to have named your Name, but not knowing it, stood up and said aloud, Let us drink then to the Health of Madame de Carignan. This Simplicity set Messieurs de Chaulnes and d'Harouy a laughing, till their Eyes run over with Tears. The rest of the Company continued the same Health, thinking they pronounced it right; and for these fifteen Days you will go here by the Name of Madame de Carignan. You see in what a fine Condition I have left the States. There was a Ball on Sunday, where we had a Damsel of basse Bretagne, who we were assured would bear away the Bell: Her Figure was quite ridiculous, and she skipped about in such a Manner that we could not forbear laughing; but there were other Dancers of both Sexes who charmed us.

At length, my Dear, I am returned to my Abbe, my *la Mouffe*, my little Dog, my Mall, and my Masons: All this is extremely agreeable to me, after the Fatigue I have had; when I begin to think it grows dull, I will return to *Vitré*. There are amongst that vast Concourse, some who do not want Wit; some who are worthy even to speak of you.

If Mr. de Simiane desires an Account of his *premier Senéchal*, you may tell him that he has forsaken the Mistress he had; and that, after her, he has married the Wife of a Man who had the Civility to resign her to him; but that at present he has left her for another married Woman, whom he very gallantly carried off by Force; it is one of the finest Exploits in the World. But what is no less
strange,

strange, there is a young Fellow who has done the same Thing in *basse Bretagne*; they have sent the Guards to bring him hither. There are Persons, whose Horoscope has something in it ridiculous.

You will be very well pleased to see *Madame de Senneterre*; embrace her for me, she will take it kindly. Our Abbé loves you, and would be very willing to serve you. For my Part, my Dear, what is there that I would not do! Is it possible to love any One, or to think on any One, so much as I love you, and think on you? *Tonquedée* has made me give him the highest Assurance, that I will not fail to pay his Compliments to you, and more especially to *Mr. de Grignan*. He boasts of having an entire Affection for him; let me have some civil Answer to give him from you, I can communicate it to him in *basse Bretagne*. He is not so happy as to have changed his Complexion; and, as you know, I have not seen him since the State of Pre-existence, One would have thought his Judgment might have been grown more solid; but some Heads will not admit of any Ballast.

Monsieur d'Haroüy is as much astonished as you, at the Adventure of *Madame L* — Your Reasoning upon it is very just; but tho' her Husband was accustomed to be a Cuckold in his own Person, his Concern for his Son-in-Law was different; and this made him give such publick Demonstrations of his Resentment; the Affair had otherwise made less Noise; for you know the obliging Hu-
mour.

mour of the Mother, and her Complaisance in concealing an Intrigue.

This very Moment a Servant of the Abbé, as he was playing like a wanton Greyhound with the amiable *Jacquine*, has thrown her down, broke her Arm, and disjoined her Wrist: The Screams she makes are horrible; it is as if a Fury had newly had her Limbs broken. I admire how these Accidents happen; and yet you would not have me afraid of overturning: This is my greatest Dread; and what Assurance can I have of escaping unhurt by it?

Adieu, my Dear; you know my Tenderness for you, and that it springs less from the Affection of a Mother than from the Inclination of a Friend.

LETTER XXXII.

Rochers, July 29, 1671.

THE Month of *July* will continue as long as it pleases Heaven: I believe the Month of *August* will be much longer, because the States will be held in it, begging the good Company's Pardon. It is a great Constraint to me to be obliged to attend them at *Vitré*, or else to be in constant Apprehension of their intruding upon my Retirement here. I am much embarrassed with it; and, as *Madame de Fayette* says, my Mind is not tuned to this Pitch; but I must endure it, and let this Time pass away like the other Parts of Life. *Madame de Chaulnes* was charmed with spending

ing two Days here ; what was most agreeable to her was my Absence, and it was the Entertainment I promised her. She walked alone in the Woods at seven in the Morning : After Dinner there was a Ball of Peasants that was extreamly diverting. There was a Man and a Woman danced together, to whom dancing ought to have been forbidden in a well regulated Commonwealth ; their Postures were such as made People die with laughing ; *Pomenart* cried out for want of Breath, and almost lost the Power of Speech. You will see Mr. *de Vardes*, as soon as you will have received this Letter ; make my Compliments to him, if he loves me as well as he did at *Aix*. Let me know whether his Patience be not worn out ; and whether he owes his Constancy to the Force of Habit, or of Philosophy. In a Word, let me hear something from him. I have received a Letter from the Marshal *de Charost*, full of Professions of Amity ; he mentions Madame *de Brissac*, and tells me he has writ to you. I beg you to lay aside Cruelty, and favour him with an Answer. You know very well he is better to be managed than to be despised. He is as much an Old Man as his Father ; and would never comprehend the Honour you would do him in refusing to answer his Letters. I am informed that the Comptess *d'Ayen* is to be married to Mademoiselle *de Bournonville* : Madame *du Ludre* is very much enraged at it. Adieu, my Dear ; how I languish to see you.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

Rochers, Sunday, Aug. 2, 1671.

YOU have then with you, my Dear, at present, all the Fair of *Beaucaire*. Are you not yet got into the good Management of getting rid of those large Equipages? Our Ancestors shewed their Wit to very great Advantage in maintaining such an idle Train; the Mode was doubtless highly convenient, but at present the World begin to lay it aside. I think it even worse than their low Doors, or their large Chimneys. You must come into the Manner that is used in the Army, and have a * *Jacquier* to take Care of the Provisions.

My Letter will find you like *Dulcinea* in the Hurry of all this Company; keep it with you (the Letter I mean, not the good Company) and read it more at Leisure. I wish, my Dear, you could penetrate and look into my Heart; you would see that you are beloved there a hundred Times more than in your Government. If this can give you any Joy, you have Reason to be contented: But, Alas! this alone is not sufficient to make Life happy; there are certain substantial Parts of Happiness less refined, which we cannot dispense with.

What say you to the News of this Week? we usually think nothing more healthful than Heats and Pimples, but at this Time I think

* A famous Commissary of the Stores in the Army.

we have too much of them. The Death of the Bishop of *Mans* has quite astonished me; I thought of it as little as he himself did; and in the Manner I saw him live, it never entered into my Imagination that he could die. Yet we see him dead of a little Fever in three Hours, without having the Time to think either of this World or of the next. This little Time was wholly taken up with the Surprize he must have been under; and we may say he died suddenly of a *Tertian*. Providence sometimes gives forth certain Strokes of Authority, the Justice of which we cannot but admire; but we ought to profit by them. And that poor *Lenner* too, who is dead; I am very sorry for it. I should have been glad to have had no other News than that of *Madame de L* — This was an exquisite Piece of Justice. Her Behaviour was scandalously infamous; it is long since I have blotted her out of the Number of Mothers; all the young People at Court were pleased with her Disgrace; she is not to see her Daughter; her Servants are all removed from her; and she is separated from all her Lovers.

You have at present the *Grand Chevalier* with you; embrace him for me. But as for the Coadjutor, I beg of him not to write to me; let him reserve his Right Hand to brandish the Dice-Box. It is not but that I like his Letters, but I had rather have his Friendship; and in the Humour he is in, it is not possible he should write to any one, but at the Expence of it; and a Letter is too dearly purchased

purchased at the Price of a kind Sentiment from him : We readily conclude, that if he should write twice in a Week to any of his Friends, he would hate them mortally. Adieu, my Dear.

LETTER XXXIV.

Rochers, Aug. 7, 1671.

YOU are not sincere in commending me so much, and despising yourself in the Manner you do. It would be unbecoming in me to write your Panegyric to yourself, and you will not suffer me to say any thing to my own Disadvantage ; I will not do either the one or the other : But, my Dear, whatever Reason you may have to complain of me, you cannot complain that you have not in yourself the Seeds of every good Quality, and the Principles of every Virtue. You ought to thank Heaven for all it has bestowed on you ; as for me, I have not a sufficient Stock of Merit to have been very liberal to you. However it be, your Reflections are employed in the justest Manner imaginable. What you say on the Subject of those Iniquities we entertain so frequently and so naturally concerning Futurity, and of the insensible Change of our Inclinations, by which they are by Degrees accommodated, and as it were reconciled to Necessity, might furnish out a Volume like that of *Pascal*. Nothing is so solid, nothing so useful as this Kind of Meditations : But, Alas ! where are the

the Persons of your Age who think of making them? For my Part, I know of none: But you have in you a Fund of Reason, and a Force of Thought, which I esteem and admire. I cannot boast of possessing those Qualities in the same Degree: When my Heart has the Malice to give me Pain, I have very good Words at Command; I range them in good Order, in Imitation of those who can talk finely; but the Tenderness of my Sentiments overcomes me. For Example, I was not deceived in the settled Grief I apprehended in a Separation from you; I represented it to myself in the same Manner I have since felt it. I concluded, that nothing could supply your Place, that your Remembrance would always touch me sensibly at the Heart, that I should feel an Excess of Melancholy from your Absence, that I should always be in Pain about your Health, and that my Thoughts would be employed on you Night and Day. I feel all this, just in the very same Manner I had foreseen it; it gives me some Reflections, which I cannot dwell upon without Pain, and which my Thoughts seem to slide over, as you so well express it. I do not find the Proverb holds true in me, *That we never fail of having a Garment suitable to the Cold*; I have no Garment sufficient for the Cold I endure: However, I amuse myself, and in some Manner or other the Time passes away; but however I may be an Exception to it, the General Rule is always true, and will always be so. We are often under an Apprehension of
future

future Evils, which lose that Name by the Change of our Opinions and Inclinations. I pray that Heaven may keep you in your right Senses: You talk of loving me for yourself and for your Child. My good Dear, do not undertake too much. Though you should attain to the Extreme of loving me, as much as I love you, which is a Thing neither possible, nor according to the Order of Providence, yet the Love of your little Daughter would still be an Overplus of Affection; and the Tenderneſs I have for you, is too full to admit of any Addition.

I dined on *Wednesday* with Mr. de Chaulnes, who keeps an Assembly of the States twice a Day, to prevent their visiting me. I am ashamed to tell you the Honours that are paid me at these Assemblies; it is something too ridiculous; however, I have not yet staid a Night there; I cannot leave my Woods and my Walks, notwithstanding all their Importunities. I have been here four Days; the Weather is so fine, that I cannot bear the Thoughts of shutting myself up in that little Town.

But, my Dear, what Midwife will you have, if you lie in at *Grignan*? What Assistance can be had in so remote a Place? Have you forgot the Danger you was in the last Time? Have you forgot what happened to you the first Time of your lying in, and the pressing Occasion you had for a Person of more than ordinary Skill? You are sometimes in Pain, how you shall be able to express all the Tenderneſs you have for me:

You

You have now an Opportunity of giving me such a Proof of it as I demand; this is what will more than content me, if you will, for my Sake, take a great deal of Care of yourself. Alas! my Dear, it will be always easy for you to acquit yourself to me. Not all the Treasures in the World can give me a Joy and Satisfaction equal to that of your Amity: And if you turn the Medal, nothing is so terrible to me as the Reverse.

When the Coadjutor is free from his Gout, I beg him to give an Answer to Mr. *d' Agen*, about that Nun who causes such a Disorder in his Diocese: I will place this Letter to my own Account, and give him Credit for three Months.

But what is it you tell me of your Pain in your Hip? I hope your little Boy is not turned into a Daughter. However be not concerned about it: I will lend you my Assistance in exposing her upon the Banks of the *Rhone*, in a little Basket of Rushes, in which she shall arrive at some Kingdom, where her Beauty shall become the Subject of a Romance: I do not think *Don Quixote* himself could have disposed of her better.

We have read through *Tasso* with a Pleasure too soon ended, and are at a Loss what Author to engage in next: But we must stay till the States are over, before we can undertake any Thing. Do not you begin to feel the Weight of the precious Burden you bear about you? I am quite oppressed with it. Are not you still in hopes of having the same Degree of Esteem from your Assembly? What

Foot

Foot are you upon with the Bishop of *Marseille*? Methinks I am perfectly an Inhabitant of *Provence*; it is become my own Country: Alas, my Dear, that my Life should be destined to be passed at so great a Distance from you.

To Monsieur de Grignan.

There was none but you that could have prevailed upon me to bestow my Daughter on a Gentleman of *Provence*; this is really true, and I take *Caderousse* to witness of it, and For if I had found so much Facility, and such a Disposition in the Heart of my Daughter for this Latter, as I found for you; and if I had not been the Mistress of all the Incidents relating to it, purely out of a Fear of concluding any Thing, it had certainly been a Match. You have therefore no Reason to doubt of my Friendship, or of the particular Esteem and Regard I have for you: A Moment's Reflection will convince you of the Truth of what I say. I am not at all surpris'd that my Daughter makes you no Compliments from me; she was guilty of the same Omission last Year in suppressing those you made to me. I beg you to believe, without her telling you so, that I never forget you. I fancy I see her chiding you for making this a Pretext to excuse your Neglect of writing to me. I leave this to be debated between you. And I assure you, that notwithstanding you are the happiest Man in the World in being beloved, you never were or can be so with more Sincerity by any one than
by

by me. I wish for you every Day in my Mall; but you are very vain, I see you resolve to have the first Visit. It is very happy for you that I am not an old peevish Mama; I assure you that I will employ the Remainder of my Health in taking this Journey. Adieu, my dear Count, and continue to love me. Let me have the Pleasure of your Company, and you shall have that of my Woods.

LETTER XXV.

Vitré, Sunday, August 16, 1671.

YOY say, my Dear, you had like to have been burned, and do you still persist in your Resolution to lie in at *Grignan*, and can you expect that I should be under no Disturbance about it! My Dear, you ought to desire me at the same time to cease to love you: But you may be assured, that while you hold the same Place in my Heart, that is, while I live, I cannot see with Tranquillity all the Ills that may befall you. But I beg you, consider, if a meer Accident had not given Occasion to Mr. *de Grignan* to rise earlier than ordinary, consider what a frightful Condition you had been in, and what had become of you and your *Chateau*. I hope you have not forgot to return Thanks to God; for my Part, I had too great an Interest in it ever to forget it.

Have you writ, or at least paid a Compliment to Madame and Monsieur *de Lavardin*?

I have here an Opportunity of doing it without any manner of Trouble ; but the Compliment I should make would not carry with it an Air of Probability. He is here engaged in a little Gallantry with a Lady ; I fancy he only diverts himself with this gay flippant Creature a little to enliven him.

I wish you had such a little Son as *Madame de Simiane* has ; I wonder what Midwife she had ; write to me often of every thing that concerns your Health. Monsieur and *Madame de Chaulnes* do all they can to detain me here : The Distinctions they continually treat me with are such as can give me little Pleasure, but they make me admire the Civility of the Ladies in this Country ; but, notwithstanding all my Good-nature and Complaisance, I could not take up with this manner of Life. You may easily believe, that were it not for this Excess of Civility, I should not stay so long here, where I have nothing else to detain me. We have been amused with Comedians, and diverted with Passpies ; and the Walks here have supplied the Place of *Rochers* ; we had Yesterday great Ceremonies of Devotion. I go To-morrow to *Rochers*, where I shall be charmed with losing the Sight of Festivals and Entertainments, and enjoying the Liberty of Retirement. I am dying with Hunger at these pompous Tables ; and I proposed the other Day to *Pomenard* to send to the *Tour de Sevig-*
ne, and get a Bit of Mutton dressed at Midnight, when we were to return from a Supper with *Madame de Chaulnes*. In a Word,

F

whether

whether it be owing to Necessity or Delicacy, I am dying with Desire to be in my own Mall; I shall be there eight or ten Days. Our Abbé, *la Mousse*, and *Marphise*, want much to have me with them. I have a hundred Compliments to make you; here is frequent Mention made of Madame the Governess of the Province; this is the Title Mr. *de Chaulnes* always gives you, when he begins your Health.

They were saying Yesterday at Table, that *Harlequin* the other Day at *Paris* brought a great Piece of hewn Stone under his Cloak; they asked him what he did with it? he replied, it was a Sample of a House he designed to sell. This Buffoonery made me laugh; I resolved to impart it to you. Could not you make use of this Invention to sell your *Chateau*?

What say you of the Marriage of *MONSIEUR*? These are the Politicks of Madame *la Palatine*; it is a Niece of hers, and of Madame *la Princesse de Tarente*. You easily comprehend the Pleasure it will be to *MONSIEUR* to be married in Ceremony, and to have a Wife who does not understand a Word of *French*. They say she is handsome; besides, she is richer than *Mademoiselle de G——*. They say the Angels disappeared on the Day this Marriage was declared, not being able to bear the first Surprise of this News. Alas! I wish this new *MADAME* may be capable of representing to us her we have lost.

Madame

Madame *de la Fayette* lets me know that she was going to write to you, but was hindered by a violent Head-ach; she is much to be lamented for being so subject to this Affliction. I do not know, whether it would not be better not to have so much Wit as *Pascal*, than to have this Incommodity attending it.

The Date of your Letter is admirable; according to your Account I am but twenty Years of Age; and since it is so, you have no Reason to be in Fear for my Health; be therefore in no Pain about it, and think only of your own. I am much displeased with that violent Emotion given you by the Fright of the Fire; it was a Fright that was the Cause of your Miscarriage at *Livré*. My Dear, endeavour to avoid as much as you can every thing that can give you any Disturbance.

I much like *le Chamarier* of *Rochebonne*, for the Temper of Mind you attribute to him, and for his Civility in offering me a Lodging. I am very well pleased to have a House where I can be at *Lions*, besides that of the Intendant.

As much as any Journey in this World can be depended on, I depend on taking this to *Provence* the next Year. My dear Child, govern yourself prudently in the mean time. It is my only Care, and the Thing in the World by which I shall be the most sensibly obliged; this is the most solid Expression you can give me of the Amity you have for me.

I believe you must be visited by vast Numbers of the People of *Provence* at *Grignan*; and if you knew, my Dear, the Crowds of those of *Bretagne* One sees here every Day, it is scarce conceivable.

You please me much, when you tell me of your Friendship for the Coadjutor, and of the good Return he makes to it : I have this Union much in my Thoughts ; it is absolutely necessary for your Happiness. I beg you therefore to preserve it, and to consult him about your Affairs. Our Abbé adores you. *La Mousse* has a Tooth less than he had, and your little Daughter has one more ; thus the World goes. I send my Blessing to *Flachère*, for having saved you from the Fire ; and I embrace you more tenderly a thousand Times than I am able to express. Adieu, my lovely Dear. *Chesiére* has been cured by the agreeable Sound of *Trictrac* from the House of Mr. *d'Harouy*, who is much your humble Servant.

LETTER XXXVI.

Rochers, Aug. 23, 1671.

AT length, my Dear, I find myself in a full Assembly of the States, instead of the expected Solitude of *Rochers*. On Sunday last, as soon as I had sealed my Letters, I saw four Coaches and six entring my Court, with fifty Horse-Guards, and a great Number of led Horses and Pages well mounted : There were Mr. *de Chaulnes*,
Mr.

Mr. de Roban, Mr. de Lavardin, Messieurs de Coetlogon, de Lomaria, the Bishops of Rennes and St. Malo, Messieurs Dargouges, and eight or ten more whom I did not know; I omit Mr. d'Harouy, as scarce worth the naming amongst so many. I receive all this good Company, many Compliments are exchanged on both Sides; at last, after a Walk, which gave great Satisfaction, there came out from one End of the Mall a Collation, served up in the most gallant Manner; the Burgundy seemed supplied by the winding Rivulet; every one was firmly perswaded, that all this was done by the Power of an enchanted Wand. Mr. de Chaulnes made me a pressing Invitation to Vitré; I went thither on Monday Evening. Madame de Chaulnes entertained me with a Supper, and with the Comedy of *Tartuffe*, not ill played. There was besides a Ball, at which the Passpied and the Minuet almost drew Tears from me: This brought your charming Idea to my Imagination in so lively a Manner, that I could not resist it; I was obliged to recall my Thoughts from so engaging an Object. I wish you had seen the Air Mr. Lomaria danced with, and his graceful Manner of taking off and putting on his Hat; with what Ease and Lightness, with how just a Cadence! He may bid Defiance to all the Courtiers; I dare engage he would outshine them all. He has a Revenue of sixty thousand Livres, and is newly come out of the Academy; he resembles every thing that is agreeable, and would doubtless have the Am-

bition to make Love to you. Besides all this, you are not to imagine we neglect drinking your Health ; this is no great Obligation, but such as it is, you are indebted to us for it every Day. I never saw such Feasting. Mr. *de Coesquen* is here, accompanied by his Fever. *Chefieres* is better ; the States have been deputed to make him a Compliment. We are at least as polite as the well bred *Lavardin* ; he is adored here ; he has a solid Merit, not unlike *Vin de Grave*. My Abbé is employed in building, and cannot be constantly at *Vitré* ; he comes and dines with us. As for me, I shall be here till *Monday* ; after that, I intend to pass a Week in my obscure Solitude, and then to return and bid them all Adieu ; for the End of the Month will bring all this to a Conclusion. Our Present is already made ; three Millions were demanded ; we offered two Millions and five hundred thousand Livres without disputing it, and this was agreed to. Besides this, Monsieur the Governour will have fifty thousand Crowns, Mr. *de Lavardin* twenty-four thousand Francs, and the rest of the Officers in Proportion ; this is settled for two Years. We may well believe there passes as much Wine through the Bodies of our *Bretons*, as Water under the Bridges ; since all this vast Quantiry of Money is to be levied upon the Duties arising from it. I think you are sufficiently instructed in the Affairs of your good Country.

Pomenard

Pomenard is excellent; there is no Man, whom I could more wish to have two Heads, his own can never hold out.

Tell Mr. *de Grignan* that I embrace him with my whole Heart, together with yourself, my dear Child.

LETTER XXXVII.

Vitré, Aug. 26, 1671.

I Am desired to make you a thousand Compliments, full of Tenderness and Esteem: After so happy a Beginning, you have Reason to expect an agreeable Letter; but I doubt whether that be possible; for you must know, my Dear, that I have not the least News to tell you. If I entertained you with my own Thoughts, I should speak to you of yourself; but you are too near to the Object to see it in an agreeable Light.

I came hither on *Sunday*, pretty late in the Evening. Mr. *de Chaulnes*, as a Piece of Pleasantry, sent his Guards for me, with a peremptory Message, that I was necessary for the Service of the King; and that Madame *de Chaulnes* expected me at Supper. I came thither, and was received in Perfection: I found there was a fresh Supply of Company; so much the worse. On *Monday* Mr. *d'Harouy* gave a Dinner to Mr. and Madame *de Chaulnes*, and to all the Magistrates and Commissioners: I was there, and the Abbé came thither; the Pretext was, to consider of the Reparations which I demanded to be made

at the *Tour de Sevigné*; they did not give themselves the Trouble of looking into it. I never in my Life saw a finer Entertainment; But see the Misfortune of it; as we were taking Coach to go thither, Mr. *de Chaulnes* was seized with a Weakness and a Shivering; in a Word, with a Fever. Madame *de Chaulnes* shut herself up with him, in the greatest Affliction imaginable; and Mademoiselle *Murinet* and I went in their Place. Mr. *de Harouy* was quite mortified; every thing was melancholy; nothing was thought on but Unhappiness. In the Evening the Fever left him, but I believe he has it at present, and that it is a *Tertian*. Consider how Distempers come, and take Care to preserve your Health. If you were not in the Condition you are in, I should perswade you to use Exercise, but at present I do not advise it; I believe most Distempers proceed from too much sitting still.

Pomenard makes you a thousand Compliments. He tells us of a Lady at *Rennes*, who having heard of a fashionable Entertainment called *Media Noche*, said the other Day, at four in the Afternoon, that she was just come from passing her *Media Noche* with Madame *la Premiere Presidente*. This is excellent, my Dear; and like a ridiculous Creature, who affects to be in the Mode.

I must tell you of a Ball we had Yesterday; except the great Balls we have seen, nothing could be more entertaining; we had there a great many shining Beauties of *basse Bretagne*. Do you know Mademoiselle de
Lanion?

Lanion ? She is a beautiful Damsel, who dances well : She has a Lover to whom she is to be married ; he stood behind her ; but *Madame de Roban*, who thinks her a Beauty of the last Season, came up to whisper her, and behaved in such a Manner, that she withdrew her Lover from her : The Damsel did not regard it ; her Mother winked on her, but could not make her attend to it ; at length she fell into a furious Resentment, which much diverted us. My little *Lomaria* had a charming Air ; I do not know whether he was not drunk : This is very familiarly said here, without giving the least Scandal. Adieu, my dearest Child.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Vitré, Tuesday, Sept: 1, 1671.

YOUR Memory, my Dear, is not to be effaced by any Distractions of Thought ; it is That which causes them. It is in vain for our States to dance, and drink, and roar ; every thing gives Place to your Idea. Here is much Opposition made, but twenty-four Hours will appease it. I hope every thing will be concluded within three Days ; I wish it much. I do not dare to go any more to *Rochers* ; they have found the Way thither ; on *Sunday* there were five Coaches and six there.

I die with Impatience to return to my Solitude ; but it is too much resorted to ; that of *Combour* is less agreeable. You must not

imagine that our Seats in *Bretagne* are like *Grignan* ; they are very far from it. The little *Lomaria* has exactly the Air of *Termes*, his Dance, his Bow, his Manner of taking off and putting on his Hat, his Shape, his Way of carrying his Head ; see, if he is not a very pretty Fellow. The Comte *des Chapelles* is transported at what you writ of him to me ; we talk of you without Intermission, he and *Pomenard*. *Pomenard* assures you, that his Confidence is increased, and that he concludes he never can be hanged, since he has escaped it. The Abbé comes sometimes to dine here with *la Mousse*, who is not in the least embarrassed with all this Company and Ceremony. I have so well recommended him every where, with Madame *de Chaulnes*, and Mr. *Boucherat*, with the Bishop of *Leon*, and the Abbé *de Montigny*, that he is received by them as he is by me. He argues about Atomes with that Bishop, who is a zealous *Cartesian*, and would burn for that Philosophy ; but he maintains with the same Vehemence, that Brutes can think. I think I have Reason to be proud of *la Mousse*, he is grown very learned ; he is advanced as far as One can go in that Philosophy ; and MONSIEUR the Prince has acquiesced in his Opinion. Their Disputes have diverted me much.

But what say you of Mr. *de Lausun* ? Do you remember the Noise that was made about him not a Year ago ? Who could have told us, that within a Year he should be
made

made a Prisoner? Could we have believed it? *Vanity of Vanities! All is-Vanity.*

They say the new *MADemoiselle* is quite astonished at her Grandeur. Her Person has doubtless been described to you. When her Physician was presented to her, she said she had no Occasion for him; that she was never let blood, nor purged; but whenever she was out of Order, she walked two or three Leagues, and that cured her.

** Lasciamo la andar, che farà bon Viaggio.*

Adieu, my Dear; my Pen has tired my Patience: I conclude; I embrace you.

LETTER XXXIX.

Rochers, Sept. 20, 1671.

IT is not without Reason that you have been so much concerned for the poor *Chevalier de Beon*; his Disorder is very astonishing. He is a young Gentleman that pleased me much at *Paris*; I can scarce believe what you say of him; what is most extraordinary is that extreme Fear of Death. The State of Mind you describe him in, is a very proper Subject for Reflection. It is certain, that at that Time we labour under no Want of Faith; it is that which causes our Despair; and the Time we so profusely lavish away, and which slides from us so unperceptibly, will fail us, and we should be willing to give any Price for one or two of those Days we
lose

** Let us leave her to walk, and wish her a good Journey.*

lose now with so much Insensibility. This is what sometimes entertains me in the Mall, which you are so well acquainted with. The Christian Morality is excellent under all Afflictions ; but then I would have it thoroughly Christian, otherwise it is empty and unprofitable : We sometimes seem to enter into it in a reasonable Manner ; but then a Breath of Wind, or a little Sunshine, makes the Reflections of a whole Evening vanish away. We were discoursing the other Day of the Opinion of *Origen*, compared with that of our Church ; you will find it difficult to make us believe in good Earnest an Eternity of Punishment, without an express Order from the King, or a Declaration of Scripture.

The Bishop of *Leon* has been at the last Extremity at *Vitré*, with a violent Disorder in his Brain ; but he seems at present out of Danger. I shall be here till the End of *November*, and then I shall go to embrace and to bring home our little One ; and in the Spring, if it pleases God to lend me Life, I will visit *Provence* : The Abbé much desires it, that he may go with me to see you, and to bring you back. - It will be a great while that you will have been in *Provence*. It is true, we should not be too much attached to any thing ; and yet we every Moment find in our Hearts Attachments, as well in little Things as in Matters of Importance ; but how can it be prevented, unless we should always have this Moral in our Hands, like *Hartshorn* to prevent fainting Fits. I confess to you, that my Heart often makes me suffer ; I find less Reason

Reason to complain of my Wit, and my Humour. I am fully contented with your Amity. Do not think that I am over difficult and delicate; my extreme Tenderness may perhaps incline me to be so, but I never listen to its Suggestions, and I chide it when it is unreasonable. Believe me to be sincere in this; and believe that, at the Time when I most love you, and most persuade myself that I am beloved by you, the Things which moved me, might have moved any Person in the World. I say this to put it out of your Thoughts, that there is any Difficulty in living with me, or that it requires any painful Observances. No, my Dear, you need only do as you do; and as you have known so well how to do, when you pleased; your Temper and Capacity would render the Contrary more uneasy to yourself. But, alas! what am I going into? You may at least count upon it, that none of your Tenderneffes are lost upon me; I see, I feel every thing; I have all the Application which is inseparable from the most perfect Amity. Adieu. I embrace the Insignificants. You cannot give me a less Idea of the Place I possess in the Heart of Mr. de Grignan, than by telling me it is the Remainder of what is not possessed by you: I know too well what such Remainders are; One must be very easily contented, to be contented with that. Do you know that the King has received Mr. * *d'Andilli*, as well as we ourselves could have done? Let us live, and leave

* See Letter XVIII.

leave Mr. *de Pomponne* to establish himself so happily in the King's Favour.

LETTER XL.

Rochers, Wednesday, Sept. 23, 1671.

I Think, my Dear, we are fallen into the most horrible Weather that can be imagined; for these four Days we have had an uninterrupted Storm; all our Alleys are overflowed, there is no walking Abroad; our very Workmen are confined to their Houses. In a Word, I hate this Country, and I wish every Moment for your Sun; perhaps you are wishing for our Rain; we may both of us have our Reasons.

We have with us at *Vitré* the Abbé of *Montigni*. The Bishop of *Leon* is going To-day, as I believe, to see a Country much finer than this: At length, after having been tossed to and fro five or six Times between Life and Death, the obstinate Attacks of the Fever have decided the Controversy in Favour of Death. His Brain is so disturbed, that he is little sensible of it; but his Brother, the Advocate General, is much concerned, and weeps often when he is with me; for I visit him, and am his only Consolation. It is upon these Occasions One ought to exert one'sself, in performing the tender Offices of Friendship. I have no other Amusement, besides reading in my Chamber, for I cannot venture to peep Abroad. My Heart is at Ease, because I believe you are well;

well ; this makes me endure these continual Tempests, for I can call them by no softer Name. Were it not for the Calm I find in my own Breast, I should not suffer so tamely the Affront I have received from *September* : It is a manifest Piece of Treachery, at this Time of the Year, and when I have so many Workmen employed ; I could break out into a Heroic Rage, * *Quos ego* ———. I am pursuing the Moral of *Nicole*, with which I am extremely delighted. I have not yet found in it any Lesson to fortify me against Rain, but I hope to find one, for nothing is omitted : The Reasonableness of a Conformity to the Divine Will might suffice ; but I would fain have a Specifick Remedy. In a Word, I think this Treatise admirable : Nobody has yet writ in the same Strain with these Gentlemen ; for I place *Nicole* in the same Class with *Pascal*, whom I reckon to have a Share in every thing that is excellent. We love so much to speak of ourselves, and of our Sentiments, that we are charmed with it, even when we speak to our own Disadvantage. I can even pardon the indelicate Expression *l'† enflûre de Cœur*, in Favour of his excellent Observations upon it ; and I maintain, that there is no other Word to express this Kind of Vanity and Pride, which is properly no more than Wind. I leave you

* This Lady, who perhaps was not unacquainted with the learned Languages, alludes here to a Passage in *Virgil*, in which *Neptune* rebukes the Winds for having raised a Storm without his Leave.

† The Puffing up of the Heart.

you to find a nicer Expression ; I shall read through this Piece with Pleasure.

I am going through the History of *France* from the Reign of King *John* ; I would have this whole Train of Events in my Head as clear at least as that of the *Roman* History, in which I have neither Relations nor Countrymen ; here at least I meet with Names that I am acquainted with. You see, that as long as we have Books, we shall never want Entertainment. You may easily judge, that while I continue in this studious Humour, I shall not be disagreeable to *la Mouffe*. We have for Devotion, a Collection of Letters of Monsieur de *S. Ciran*, which Mr. *d'Andilli* will send you, and which you will find to be admirable. This, my Dear, is all you can expect to be informed of by me, who am become a true Hermit.

They write me Word, that Madame de *Verneuil* is very ill. The King talked half an Hour with the good Old Gentleman *d'Andilli* with all the Pleasantry, Kindness, and good Humour imaginable. He was very well pleased to draw from him an Approbation of his Wit and good Sense, and to raise his just Admiration. He expressed a great deal of Pleasure in having made Choice of Mr. *de Pomponne* ; he said he expected him with Impatience, that he would take Care of his Affairs, and that he knew he was not rich. He told the old Man, that it was a Vanity in him to take Notice, in his Preface to *Joseph*, that he was arrived to the Age of fourscore, nay, that it was a Sin.

Sim. In a Word, he laughed, and was witty. The King told him farther, that he must not expect to be left in Quiet in his Hermitage, that he should send for him, that he should desire to see him, as a Man illustrious on all Accounts. As the good Man assured him of his Fidelity, he said he did not in the least doubt it, and that they who served God as they ought, would serve their King in the same Manner. In short, he was gracious to a Miracle; he took Care to send him a Dinner, to have him carried Abroad in a Chaise, and talked a whole Day in Admiration of him. As for the good Man, he is transported, and says every Moment, feeling that he has Need of it, that he must humble himself. You may imagine the Joy this gives me, and the Part that I take in it. I wish my Letters could give you as much Pleasure, as yours give me. My dear Child, I embrace you a thousand Times.

L E T T E R XLI.

Rochers, Sunday, Sept. 27, 1671.

I Am transported to hear that you have a lovely Sister-in-Law, who can so well supply you with the most delightful Conversation. It is a Thing which I wish you every Moment; there is no One that has more Occasion than you for an agreeable Companion; without the Advantage of such Society, you waste your Spirits in such a Manner, that you quite destroy yourself. You have not the Art of amusing yourself with Trifles; you are lost
in

in gloomy Thoughts, whenever you want Conversation. It is not possible to be more perfectly contented, than I am with your Approbation of this amiable Sister. I conclude it must be *Madame de Rochebonne*, who has so much the Air of the Coadjutor, his Wit, his Humour, and his Pleasantry.

Mr. de Pomponne is at present in a Condition to be envied. You speak very agreeably on this Subject, I am going to write what you say of it to the good Man. I have told you all that I knew of it. He has writ to me twice, since he has been so much in Favour, and I have answered him as often. If I may judge of it by what he writes, nothing can be more tender than my Amity: my Approbation has been for twenty Years a Fore-runner of that his Son has been honoured with; and this for twenty Years, during which he supported himself with Difficulty.

This has been a very extraordinary Change; it was a Pleasure to be a Spectator of it. We have had another in the *Comte de Guiche*, who has been restored to Favour. I am now taking on me the Commission of *Mr. d'Agueville*, who has been for twenty Days in the Chamber of the sick Marshal, and who has doubtless given you an Account of all these Things, and of the Visit which the King made him five or six Days ago. I believe it will not be long before *Vardes* will receive the same Favour that has been conferred on the *Comte de Guiche*; I believe there was a Connexion between their Misfortunes. It is your Part to send us Word, what Hopes you have of it in the Country where you are.

I send

I send you a Letter which I have writ to your Bishop ; read it over, and if you like it, seal it, and send it to him ; if not, burn it. It obliges you to nothing ; you will see, better than I, whether it be proper or not. At this Distance, I believe it is not amiss ; but it is not at this Distance that it can be rightly judged of. You know I have but one Manner of writing, and my Letters have an entire Negligence of Expression ; but as this is my genuine Stile, it may perhaps have as much Effect, as if it were laboured with a greater Exactness. If I was near enough to have your Advice, you know how much I esteem it, and how often I have been set right by it ; but we are at the two Extremities of *France* ; so there is nothing more to be done but to judge whether it be proper or not, and upon that, either to send it or burn it. It is not without Reluctance that One engages in soliciting such a Trifle ; but One must conquer one's-self, and get the better of those Sentiments One should naturally have upon it. I could tell you further, that I have seen Steps taken here upon less Occasions ; that what returns every Year must be esteemed ; and that, in short, every One has his Reasons.

The poor Bishop of *Leon* has been in the very Agonies of Death, ever since I sent you Word he was dying. He is now more so than ever ; and is in a fair Way to know very soon, better than you, whether Matter can think or not. The Loss of him will be very great ; he had, as our Friends say, an Under-

Understanding very much enlightened in Matters of Philosophy, as yours is. Your Letters are my very Life. Adieu, my Dear: I do not tell you the Half, or even the Quarter of the Amity I have for you.

LETTER XLII.

Rochers, Thursday, Oct. 1, 1671.

I Believe that at present the *Leonick* Philosophy is the most to be depended on: he now perfectly comprehends the Subject in Dispute, whether Matter be capable of Reasoning or not; what Kind of intellectual Power God has bestowed on Brutes; and all other difficult Points. You see that I am a firm Believer in Heaven; * *O che spero*. He died on *Monday* Morning; I was at *Vitré*; I saw him, and I wish I had not seen him. His Brother the Advocate General seems unconso-
lable; I invited him to come and weep at Liberty in my Woods; he replied, that he was too much afflicted to desire that Consolation. This Bishop was no more than thirty-five Years old; he had a good Establishment in the World; his Understanding was exquisitely turned for the Sciences: It was this that destroyed him, he consumed himself by too much Study. You are not much concerned to know all these Particulars; but it is the News of the Country, and you must be obliged to give it the hearing; besides, Death is a Subject in which the whole
World

* O how much I hope it.

World are concerned, and the Consequences come home directly to ourselves.

Were it not for the Pleasure of Reading, the Time would pass very heavily with us ; it rains without ceasing ; I need say no more to represent to you the Dullness we languish under. This Solitude fills us with such melancholy Thoughts, that we are deeply affected with every thing. I read over and over your Letters with a Pleasure and a Tenderness, which I wish you may be capable of imagining, since I am incapable of expressing it. There are some kind Sentiments in your last Letters, the Truth of which I have the Happiness to be perswaded of, and which are the Support of my Life.

Our Abbé is grown quite vain upon all the kind Things you say of him. As for *la Mousse*, he is employed in Catechising every Sunday and Holiday ; he is resolved to go to Paradise ; I tell him it is only out of Curiosity to know, whether the Sun be a Mass of small Particles put into a violent Motion, or a Globe of Fire. The other Day, as he was examining the little Children, after a great Variety of Questions, they were all of them confounded in such a Manner, that upon his asking them, Who was the Blessed Virgin, they all answered unanimously, That she was the Creator of Heaven and Earth : The Opinion of the little Children did not weigh much with him, but seeing that grown Men and Women, and even old People, answered in the same Manner, he seemed perswaded of the Truth of it, and yielded to the

the general Opinion. He scarce knew where he was, and if I had not luckily came in, he would never have recovered out of the Confusion he was in. This new Doctrine would have caused a greater Disorder, than the Motion of the small Particles. Adieu, my dear Child: You see this is just what is called tickling ourselves to make us laugh; it is exactly thus we are employed. I embrace you tenderly, and beg you to allow me the Liberty of thinking on you, and loving you entirely.

L E T T E R XLIII.

Rochers, Wednesday, Oct. 12, 1671.

I Took Yesterday a little Dose of the Moral of *Nicole*, and found myself very well after it; but I fancy a little Piece of Criticism upon the *Berenice* of *Racine*, which seems full of Wit and Pleasantry, will agree better with me. We are obliged to the Author of the *Sylphes*, the *Gnomes*, and the *Salamanders*, for this little entertaining Piece. There are five or six Expressions in it which are unsufferable, and which even shew the Writer to be a Stranger to the polite World. This gives One a Pain in reading it; but as they are Expressions only used *en passant*, we should not be offended at them, but consider the Whole, and the Turn he gives to this critical Piece; I assure you it is extremely pleasant. You know I was always a little vain upon my Reading; it is therefore the Interest of those

those whom I converse with, that I should make a good Choice of my Authors. What I am most inclined to speak of at present, is that Part of the Treatise of *Nicole*, which treats of the Manner of maintaining Peace amongst Men: I am charmed with it; I have never seen any thing so full of useful Knowledge, of excellent Sense and Judgment. If you have not read it before, let me engage you to read it; if you have, to read it over again with new Attention. I believe the whole World may find themselves concerned in it; I almost fancy it was writ purely on my Account; I hope to profit by it; at least I will do my Endeavour. You know I cannot suffer that old People should say, they are too old to improve: I could more easily pardon a young Person for speaking in this Manner. Youth is so amiable, that it would deserve to be adored, if the Mind and the Understanding were at that Age as perfect as the Body: But when we are no longer young, it is then we ought to polish and accomplish ourselves, and to endeavour to regain in good Qualities, what we lose in such as are agreeable. I have long since made this Reflection; and for this Reason I am continually at work upon my Wit and my Understanding, my Heart and my Sentiments.

I suppose you are at *Lambesc*, but methinks I do not see you here so clearly as I used to do; there is as it were a Darkness spread over my Imagination, which conceals you from my View. I had formed in my Imagination a Plan of your *Chateau de Grignan*;

I could in a manner see into your Apartment, I walked on your Terras, I went to Mass in your Chappel; but now I scarce know where-about I am. I expect with Impatience a Description of this new Place, and a Character of the Bishop. There was in your last Pacquet a Letter, which gave me Hopes of it. Tho' you have been two Posts without writing to me, I hope a little to have a Letter from you on *Friday*; but if I should not, you have taken Care to prevent my being much disappointed. There are Precautions, such as this, for Instance, that shew so much Goodness, Tenderness, and Amity, that One is charmed with them. My Dear, I will not write you any thing more at this Time, having nothing to acquaint you with.

The Comte *de Guiche* is the only Person at Court of his Air and Manner, a perfect Hero of a Romance, who does not at all resemble the common Race of Men. This is the Account I have of him.

LETTER XLIV.

Rochers, October 28, 1671.

I Do not know, my Dear, how you have spent this Morning; as for me, I am up to the Knees in Dew, in marking out Outlines; I am making Alleys quite round my Park, which will be extremely beautiful; if my Son loves Woods and Walks, he will bless my Memory. Now I am speaking of Mothers, the Mother of the Marquis *de S—*

is

is accused of having had him assassinated ; he has been mangled to Pieces by five or six Musquet Shots ; it is thought he will die of it. This will make an admirable Scene for a certain Lady of our Acquaintance. I have writ to my Son that I approve the Proceeding of this good Mother, that it is thus a graceless Son ought to be corrected, and that I resolve to make an Acquaintance with her. I believe your Brother is at *Paris* ; he chuses rather to wait for me there than to return hither ; he does well in it.

But what say you to the Infidelity of my pretended Spouse, the *Abbé d'Effiat* ? I am very unhappy in Husbands. He has married a young Daughter of Monsieur and Madame *la Basiniere*, a very affected Creature, and a Coquette in Perfection. The Marriage was made in *Touraine* : He has quitted forty thousand Livres in Benefices. I wish him happy, but the World very much doubts of it, and thinks he would have done better in continuing faithful to me.

Mr. *d'Harouy* writes thus to me : " Tell " *Madame de Grignan* that I adore her. She " is at present with her little States ; they " are not People like us, who can make " Presents of a hundred thousand Crowns ; " but at least they should give as much, as " *Madame de Chaulnes* had, to bid her welcome to them." I fear his Wishes are in vain, and mine too. Their Spirits are dry, and their Hearts partake of it ; the Sun drinks up all their Moisture, which softens the Temper, and causes Tendernefs and Good nature.

I always expect *Friday* with Impatience; that is the Day when your Letters arrive. *St. Pavin* made an Epigram upon the *Fridays*, because he used to see me on that Day at the Abbé's. He addressed himself to the Gods, and concluded with this Petition :

* *Multipliez le Vendredis,
Je vous quitte de tout le reste.*

† *A la Applicatione, Signora.* My Abbé loves you, *la Mouffe* honours you, and I kiss your Hands. A Word to the dear *Grignans*.

LETTER XLV.

Rechers, Wednesday, Nov. 4, 1671.

YOU have Mr. *de Coulanges* with you at present, whose kind Visit must have been very agreeable to you; but he will have left you before you will receive this Letter: I shall love him as long as I live, for having taken the Pains to find you out at *Lambesc*. I have a great Curiosity to know what passes in that Country; and I am quite tired with the News from *Paris*; above all, the repeated Accounts of the Marriage of MONSIEUR have utterly stupified me; I am set up, like a Mark, for every One to write at; and they who have never corresponded with me before, are indefatigable in giving me Relations of

* Encrease the Number of the *Fridays*, and I am contented with all besides.

† Pray make the Application, Madame.

of it. I have just writ to the Abbé de Pontcaré, to conjure him to trouble me no more with it, nor so much as to write one Word of *la Palatine*, who is to bring the new Princess hither, nor of the Marshal *du Plessis*, who is to marry her in Ceremony at *Metz*, nor of *MONSIEUR*, who is to consummate the Marriage at *Chalons*, nor of the King, who is to meet them at *Villiers-Cotrait*; I tell him that, in a Word, I desire to hear no more of it, till they have lived a Week together; and that I wish myself at *Paris*, to be out of the Way of any Discourse about it. If I had it in my Power to take my Revenge upon the *Bretons*, for all the cruel Impertinences I suffer from my Friends, I might have some little Patience; but a Piece of News from Court finds them Employment for six Months together; they turn it on every Side, and consider it in every Light, and are never tired with it. As for me, I have still a little Remainder of the Air of the fine Lady, which makes me delicate, and soon weary of every thing. In Effect, I throw aside the Letters, where I expect to be entertained with this Subject, and prefer even the Letter of Business to them. I read a Letter Yesterday from that honest Gentleman *la Maison*, who I was assured would say nothing on this Head; in Effect, he did not say one Syllable of it; but he always salutes *Madame de Grignan*, as if she was still with me.

I must inform you, that there are Wolves got into my Woods; I have two or three Guards that follow me in an Evening with

Musquets on their Shoulders. We have honoured the Moon with our Presence two Nights together between Eleven and Twelve: We saw first a Man all in Black, who appeared at last to be *la Mouffe*; the next we met with in our Walks, was the Figure of a Person lying all along in White, who proved a Tree that had been newly felled. Are not these very extraordinary Adventures? I wish you may not be frightened at them, in the Condition you are in; pray drink a Glass of Water to recover yourself, my Dear: If these Woods were inhabited by Sylphs, we might perhaps entertain you with some Fairy Tale; but such agreeable Visions belong only to you, who firmly believe in them.

A thousand Amities to the *Grignans*, in proportion as you believe they love me: This is a good Rule; I leave the Application of it to you.

LETTER XLVI.

Paris, December 15, 1671.

ALas! my good Dear, what is it you say? What Pleasure do you take in speaking ill of your Person and your Understanding, and in disparaging your Conduct so far as to say, it requires much Goodness to waste a Thought on you? 'Tho' it is very certain you do not really think all this, yet I am offended at it; you make me angry; and though I ought not perhaps to make any Answer to what you say in Raillery, I cannot

not forbear giving you a Lecture upon it, as preferable to every thing else I have to write. You are very pleasant, in pretending you are afraid to converse with Wits: Alas! if you did but know what an inconsiderable Figure they make, when they are near you, and how much they are embarrassed with their awkward Persons, you would not think them so formidable. Do not you remember, how often you have been tired with them? Consider that it is the Nature of Objects of this Kind to be enlarged, when seen at a Distance.

We sup every Evening with Madame *Scaron*: This Lady has the most agreeable Wit imaginable, and extream right Sense. It is a Pleasure to hear the Account she gives of the violent Commotions in a certain Country, with which she is well acquainted; and of the Despair that *d'Hudicourt* was under, at the Time she appeared so wonderfully happy; of the furious Passions of the young *Lausun*; and of the gloomy Discontent and Melancholy of the Ladies at *St. Germain*, from which the most envied was perhaps not exempted. Nothing can be more entertaining than her Reflections upon all this. Her Discourses sometimes lead us very far, from one moral Sentiment to another, intermixed with Observations varying between Religion and Politicks. We speak often of you; she approves your Turn of Wit, and Temper of Mind; when you return hither, you need not fear being out of the fashionable Way of Conversation.

G 3

But

But let me tell you of the Goodness of the King, and the Pleasure it is to serve so amiable a Master. He ordered the Marshal of *Bellefond* to be called to him in his Cabinet, and said to him, *Monsieur le Marechal*, I would know for what Reason you are quitting my Service: Is it Devotion? Is it a Love of Retirement? Or is that you are oppressed with your Debts? If it be the Latter, I will give Orders about it, and enter into the Detail of your Affairs. The Marshal was sensibly roused with this Goodness: Sir, says he, my Retreat is occasioned by my Debts; I am sunk by the Weight of them; I cannot bear some of my Friends who have assisted me, and whom I am unable to satisfy. Well, said the King, I will see your Debts discharged: I give you a Pension of a hundred thousand Francs, as an Establishment at *Versailles*; and a *Brevet de Retenue* for four thousand Francs, which shall serve for Security, in case you should die. This will serve to pay off your Arrears, and you shall continue in my Service. One most really have a Heart very insensible, not to obey with Pleasure, a Master, who enters into the Affairs of his Domesticks with so much Goodness. The Marshal did not resist it; he is restored to his Place, and laid under the most inviolable Obligations. This is true in every Particular.

We have every Evening Balls, Comedies, and Masquerades at *St. Germain*. The King has an Application to divert *MADAME*, which he never had for any other Princess.

Racine

Racine has brought a Tragedy on the Stage, called *Bajazet*, which is much admired. It must be confessed, that the Expectation raised by it does not exceed the Performance, as it usually happens. *Mr. de Tallard* says of it, that it no less exceeds those of *Corneille*, than those of *Corneille* exceed *Boyer*. This is certainly making it a very great Compliment: But Truths are not to be concealed. I shall judge of it by my own Eyes and Ears.

I have been at *Livré*: Alas, how well did I keep my Promise to you, and how tender were my Thoughts of you! The Weather was warm, tho' in a cold Season; the Sun shined clear, and the Trees were adorned with Pearl and Crystal; this Diversity was very pleasing. I walked much. The Day after I dined at *Pomponne*: How is it possible to repeat to you what was said in five Hours? I was far from being tired with the Conversation. *Madame de Pomponne* will be here in four Days. It would be very disagreeable to me, if I should ever be obliged to go to speak to him about your Affairs in *Provence*: In good Earnest, I do not know whether he would hear me upon that Subject. You see that I am a little of a Politician. But, upon my Word, nothing is equal to *Mr. d'Usez*; he may be reckoned the main Spring; I have never seen a Man of better Sense, or fitter to be advised with; I wait for him, to let you know what he has done at *St. Germain*.

You desire me to write to you very long Letters; I think you have Reason to be contented; I am sometimes in Pain about their

immoderate Length; but your Flatteries encourage me in it. I hope you will continue in this happy Temper, and not go from one Extreme to another. I beg of you seriously to take Time to re-establish yourself in your Health, and not to tempt Providence, by admitting too much Company and Conversation.

Madame *de Brissac* has provided very well to spend the Winter agreeably, by admitting the Gallantries of Mr. *de Longueville* and the Comte *de Guiche*; but I really believe it is only for the Pleasure of being adored.

We never see *la Maran* either with Madame *de la Fayette*, or with Mr. *de la Roche-foucault*; we do not know where she visits, and we are apt to judge a little hardly of her. In the Humour she has been in this Summer, there was no enjoying her Company, unless we ravished it by Force; she was absolutely resolved not be taken but by Storm; you are very well acquainted with this fantastical Behaviour of hers; for my part, I believe we shall not give ourselves the Trouble. It is not my Fault that I do not see Madame *de Valavoir*; it is enough that she loves you to make me follow her; but she is following some other Person; and I in vain beg her to stay for me; I cannot have the Happiness to overtake her. It is Mr. *le Grand* that your Jest ought to be made upon; it is the best in the World: *Chatillon* entertains us every Day with the worst that can be imagined.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

Paris, Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1671.

I Have no other Occasion to write to you at present, my Dear, but purely for the Pleasure of conversing with you a little.

You know all the Surprise a Misfortune like that of Mr. *de Lausun* must occasion : all your Reflections on it are just and natural, and have been already made by all who have good Sense ; but People begin to think no more of it ; this is a Country, where the Unhappy are soon forgotten. It is very certain, that he set out for his Journey under so great a Despair, that it was not thought proper to leave him a Moment to himself. They would have had him get out of the Coach in a dangerous Place in the Road ; but he said, such Misfortunes were too great a Happiness for him to expect. He protested, he was innocent with Regard to the King, but that it was his Crime to have too powerful Enemies. The King has said not one Word of it ; and this Silence sufficiently declares the Quality of his Crime. He thought he should have been left at *Pierre-en-Cise*, and began at *Lyon* to make his Compliments to Mr. *d'Artagnan* ; but when he understood they were carrying him to *Pignerol*, he sighed, and said he was undone. His Disgrace was much pitied in all the Towns he passed through ; and, to say the Truth, it was extreme.

treme. The King sent the next Day for Mr. *de Marillac*, and said to him, I give you the Government of *Berry*, which *Lausun* had. *Marillac* answered, Sir, I desire your Majesty, who knows the Rules of Honour better than any One in the World, to remember, if you please, that I was not a Friend of Mr. *de Lausun*, and to put yourself in my Place for one Moment, and judge, whether I ought to accept the Favour you are pleased to do me. The King replied, You are too scrupulous; you ought not to make any Difficulty of it. Sir, since your Majesty approves of it, I throw myself at your Feet to thank you. But, said the King, I have likewise given you a Pension of twelve thousand Francs, till some better Provision can be made for you. Yes, Sir, but I beg Leave to return it into your Hands; and I, said the King, make you a Present of it a second Time, and I shall do you the Honour your generous Sentiments deserve. In saying this, he turned about to the Ministers, and told them the Scruples of Mr. *de Marillac*; and added, I admire the Difference; *Lausun* never condescended to thank me for the Government of *Berry*, and never scrupled receiving the Provisions made for it; and here is a Man, overwhelmed with Gratitude. All this is extremely true; Mr. *de la Rochefoucault* came on purpose to tell it me. I thought you would not be displeased to hear these Particulars; if I am deceived, my Dear, let me know it. The poor Gentleman is very ill of his Gout,
and

and much worse than in other Years; he talked much of you, and loves you as if you was his Daughter.

I do not know whether you have heard that *Villarceau*, in speaking to the King for an Employ for his Son, flily took Occasion to say, there were some who had pretended to insinuate to his Niece, that His Majesty had some Design upon her; that if it was so, he begged he might be employed in it; that such an Affair had better be managed by him than by any other, and that he hoped to make it succeed. The King fell a laughing, and said, *Villarceau*, we are too old, you and I, to attack young Damsels of Fifteen: He raillied him in a very gallant Manner, and told the Discourse to the Ladies. The dear Angels were in a violent Rage, and refused to see their Uncle; who on his Part was sufficiently out of Countenance. I have no Cypher to write this in, but I think the Behaviour of the King is so noble on every Occasion, that there is no Reason to make a Mystery of it.

It is said there were a thousand pretty Curiosities found in the Cabinets of Mr. *de Lauzun*, Pourtraits without Number, Nudities, Tokens of Ladies Favours, with Tickets to them to prevent Confusion, and other nameless Rarities, which frequently furnish the Drawers of a fine Gentleman: But I would not swear to the Truth of it, for you know how busy Invention is upon such Occasions.

I have visited Mr. *de Mesme*, who has at last lost his Wife, whom he tenderly loved;
he

he wept and sobbed when he saw me, and I could not restrain my Tears. All *France* has been to pay their Visits to this Family; and I counsel you, my Dear, to pay your Compliments, which you owe, if it be only in Remembrance of *Livré*, which you still love.

Is it possible, my Dear, that my Letters should be so agreeable to you? I do not perceive them to be so, as they go from my Hands, and believe they must become such as you say they are, in passing thro' yours. It is a great Happiness, my Dear, that you are pleased with them, for considering the Number of them you are pestered with, you would be much to be lamented, if it were otherwise. Mr. *de Coulanges* is very desirous to know, which it is of the Ladies with you, who is so much pleased with them. We think it a Sign of her good Understanding; for my Stile is so very negligent, that One must have a natural Turn of Thought, and an easy Manner of Conversation, to be capable of enduring it.

I beg you, my Dear, do not trust to two Beds, it is liable to give Temptation; but make some of your Women lie in your Chamber. Seriously I desire you, in pity to yourself, to take Care of your Health, and of your Life and mine.

I have sent for *Pecquet*, to talk with him about the Small-Pox, which your little Child has had: He was quite frightened at the Thoughts of it, and admires the Force of Nature in throwing out this Poyson. He
thinks

thinks he will live an hundred Years, after having begun Life so happily.

I have at last had a whole Day's Conversation with Mr. de * *Coulanges*; and I can scarce conceive that it is possible to converse with any One besides him. Let me take Courage, my Heart; let me be above all empty Fears: It is thus that I fortify myself, and have got the better of my former Weaknesses. But *Cataut* has almost overthrown all my good Resolutions. She comes into my Chamber; I thought she was going to say, My Lady bids you Morrow, she begs you to come and see her; but instead of this, she discoursed over all your past Voyage, and told me how often you remembered me. I was for one Hour impertinent enough. I amuse myself with your little Daughter; you do not much regard her, but she is quits with you: she embraces me, she grows acquainted with me, she prattles to me, she makes all her little fond Address to me, she calls me her Mamma, and says not a Word of her Mamma in *Provence*.

The Abbé *Testu* has Leisure enough upon his Hands, since he has left the *Hôtel de Richelieu*, so we make our Advantage of it. Madame de *Soubise* is big with four Children, if we may guess by her Dimensions. I shall see Mr. le *Camus* To-morrow; he came to pay me a Visit the very Moment I was with Mr. de *Mesme*. My Dear, you must write to Mr. de *Mesme*, and to Madame d'*Avaux*,
both

* Mr. de *Coulanges* was newly arrived from *Provence*, with a Woman of Madame de *Grignan's*, named *Cataut*.

both for herself and for her Husband, and to *Dirval* upon Pain of your Life ; Compliments paid them by me will not suffice.

The King sets out the fifth of *January* for *Chalons*, and several other Places, and will be present at some Reviews as he passes along. The Journey will take up twelve Days ; but the Officers and the Troops will go farther. For my part, I suspect there is some such Expedition designed, as that of the *Franche-Compté*. The King, you know, is a Hero of all Seasons. The Courtiers are in utter Desolation, they have not a Penny in their Pockets. *Branças* asked me the other Day, with a very serious Face, if I would lend him Money upon a Pledge ; he assured me he would not have the Vanity to speak of it, and said he had rather have an Affair with me than with any other Woman. *La Trouffe* begs me to teach him some of the Secrets of *Pomenard*, to enable him to get an honourable Subsistence : In a Word, they are all of them in Debt.

Adieu, my Dear ; there is Reason to be regarded in every thing ; this Letter is become a Volume. I embrace the laborious *Grignan*, the * Crow in the Fable, the presumptuous *Ademar*, and the fortunate *Louis de Provence*, on whom the Astrologers say all the Fairies have breathed : And thus I kiss your Hands. Adieu.

* The Coadjutor.

L E T T E R

LETTER XLVIII.

Paris, January 1, 1672.

I Wish you a happy Year, my Dear; and in this Wish I comprehend so many Things, that I should never have done, if I should enter into Particulars. I have not yet asked Leave for your to return to *Paris*, as you feared; but I wish you had heard what *la Garde* said of the Necessity of your taking a Journey hither, that you may not lose your five thousand Francs, and of what he thinks proper for Monsieur *de Grignan* to say to the King. If it was a Suit, which you was obliged to solicit against any One who designed to do you such an Injustice, you would doubtless come to solicit it; but as it is to come to a Place where you have a thousand other Affairs, you are both of you guilty of the greatest Indolence. Ah! what an enchanting Thing is Indolence! You feel its Power too much; read *la Garde* upon this Subject, Chapter the first. Consider in the mean time, that you would have the Pleasure to see the King, and to receive his Approbation.

I will know whether any thing can be done for your Friend, who has assassinated a Man in so handsome a Manner. The Edicts are revoked, which gave us so much Uneasiness in our Province. The Day that Mr. *de Chaulnes* declared it, there was a Cry of *Long live the King*, which made all the States weep

weep for Joy ; they all embraced one another ; they broke out into the highest Expressions of Rapture ; they ordered *Te Deum* to be sung ; they made Bonfires ; and the Thanks of the Publick were given to Mr. *de Chaulnes*. But do you know what we are to give the King ? six hundred thousand Livres, and as much more by way of a voluntary Gratuity. What think you of this little Sum ? You may judge by this of the Favour that has been done us, in taking off the Burthen of these * Edicts.

My poor Son is arrived here, as you know ; he is to return on *Thursday*, with several others. Mr. *de Monterey* is a Man of great Capacity ; he disturbs the whole World ; he fatigues the Army, and puts it out of a Condition to take the Field, and begin the Campaign, till the End of the Spring. The Troops were all at Ease in their Winter Quarters ; and when they have made a tedious Winter March to *Charleroy*, he need only take a Step to retire. In the mean time, Mr. *de Luxembourg* cannot have his Elbows at Liberty. If, when we are in the Field, we could make an Insult upon some great Town, or if the Enemy would come out and oppose our two Heroes, as in all Appearance we should beat them, a Peace might in a Manner be depended upon. This is what is said by the Gentlemen of the Profession.

Adieu,

* The *English* Reader will draw the Parallel with Pleasure, between the glorious Privileges of a *British* Parliament, and the unhappy Condition of these States, who were so much transported with Joy for a little Relief from their Oppression, purchased at so great a Price.

Adieu, my Dear ; your Tenderneſſes charm me, and I have the Happineſs to believe that you love me.

LETTER XLIX.

Paris, January 3, 1672.

DO you know that the Marquis *de Seſſac* is here, that he will have a Poſt in the Army, and that he will ſoon be introduced to the King : This is a manifeſt Effect of Predeſtination ; it is a Piece of News that *Sarbin* will be much diſpleaſed with. It is ſaid here that Mr. *de Turenne* has not yet begun his March, and that there is no further Occaſion for it, becauſe Mr. *de Monterey* is at laſt retired, and Mr. *de Luxembourg* is diſengaged, by the Aſſiſtance of five or ſix thouſand Men, whom Mr. *de Schomberg* had got together, and with whom he ſo extremely harrasſed Mr. *de Monterey*, that he was obliged to retire with his Troops. It is expected that MONSIEUR the Prince will return, and our Friends with him.

Madame *de Coulanges* and Mr. *de Barillon* played Yeſterday the Scene between *Vardes* and Mademoiſelle *de Toiras*. We had all of us like to have wept ; they ſurpaſſed themſelves ; but *la Chammelay* is ſometimes ſo very extraordinary, you have never ſeen any thing equal to her. It is the Actreſs we go to ſee, and not the Play. I went to ſee *Ariane* acted, purely for her Sake : This Tragedy is very indifferent ; all the Actors are execrable ; but
as

as soon as *la Chammelay* appears, a pleasing Murmur is heard, all the World is charmed, and we already weep her Distress.

Mr. *le Chevalier de Loraine* paid a Visit the other Day to *la Fienne*; she pretended to act the forsaken Maid, and appeared embarrassed. The Chevalier with that open frank Manner I am so much pleased with, said to her, Mademoiselle, what is the Matter? why do you look so melancholly? Is there any thing extraordinary in what has happened to you? We have loved, and we now cease to love; Constancy is not the Virtue of Persons of our Age; we had better forget what has passed between us, and return to the Behaviour of common Life. This is a very pretty Dog; who gave it you? This was the Conclusion of the gallant Passion between this Romantick Pair.

The Comtess *de Guiche* begs me to tell you that she will not write to you, because you are coming hither to receive an Answer from her. She has been to dine at Court, notwithstanding the Affliction of — The Queen would have it so. I was present at this Scene. The King and Queen dined in profound Silence; Madame *de Richlieu* sat at the Table, and next to her the Ladies according to their Quality; when some are standing the others sit; those who have not yet dined, are ready to reach out their Hands to the Dishes; those who have, are ready to faint with the Fumes that rise from a full Table. Thus the whole Company is in Pain. Madame *de Crussol* was dressed in the Excess
of

of the modish Coiffure; she is to appear next *Wednesday*, dressed all in Rubies; she has borrowed those of Monsieur the Duke, and of Madame de Mequelbourg. I supped last Night with that Princess at *Gourville's*, with the *Fayettes* and *Rochefoucault*; we went through the whole Circle of Germany, without omitting a single Principality. Adieu, my Dear; I leave you to talk a little with *d'Agueville* and *Corbonelli*; they make no Scruple of interrupting me now you are expected here.

LETTER L.

Paris, January 5, 1672.

THE King gave Audience Yesterday to the *Dutch* Ambassador; he would have MONSIEUR the Prince, Mr. de *Turenne*, Mr. de *Bouillon*, and Mr. de *Crequi*, to be Witnesses of what passed. The Ambassador presented his Letter to the King, who did not read it, though the *Hollander* proposed that it might be read. The King told him, he knew what was contained in his Letter, and that he had a Copy of it in his Pocket. The Ambassador made a very long Harangue on the Subject of the Justifications that were contained in the Letter; and said, that the States had examined with a scrupulous Care in order to discover what they could have done to displease his Majesty; that they had never failed in their Respects to him; and yet that they had heard it said, that all this
great

great Armament was designed against them; that they were ready to satisfy his Majesty in every thing he was pleased to order them; and that they begged him to remember the Goodness which had been shewed them by the Kings his Predecessors, to whom they owed all their Greatness. The King replied, and with a wonderful Grace and Majesty, said, That he knew his Enemies were excited against him; that he thought his Prudence was concerned not to suffer himself to be surprised; and that this was what had obliged him to make himself so powerful by Sea and Land; that he had only a few Orders to give; and that the next Spring he would do what he found was most to the Advantage of his Glory, and the Welfare of his State. He gave a Nod to the Ambassador, which made him comprehend, that he would suffer no Reply. The Letter was found to be conformable to the Discourse of the Ambassador, except that it concluded with assuring his Majesty, that they would do every thing he ordered, provided it did not oblige them to quarrel with their Allies.

The same Day, Mr. *de la Feuillade* was received at the Head of a Regiment of Guards, and took the customary Oath before a Marshal of *France*. The King was present, and told the Regiment, that he gave them Mr. *de la Feuillade* for their *Maitre de Camp*; he gave him the Pike with his own Hand, a Thing which is never done but by a Commissary appointed by the King; but his Majesty was pleased that no Favour, no agreeable Circumstance,

cumstance, should be wanting to this Ceremony.

Mr. *Dangeau* and *Langleé* had very hard Words in the Street of the *Jacobins*, about paying Money lost at Play. *Dangeau* threatened; *Langleé* returned the Affront, by telling him that he did not remember who he was; that he should consider, that he was not treated with by the World upon the Foot of One who was a formidable Adversary. Care was taken to reconcile them; they were both in the wrong; their Reproaches were violent, and sufficiently disagreeable to them both. *Langleé* has the rudest Kind of Familiarity that is possible; he was playing this Summer with the Comte de *Grammont*, who upon some over free Expressions, desired him to reserve those Familiarities till he played with the King.

The Marshal de *Bellefont* has desired the Permission of the King to sell his Charge; Nobody will ever do it to more Advantage than he. All the World believes, and I more than any One else, that it is to pay his Debts, and to retire, and apply himself wholly to the great Affair of his Salvation.

Monsieur the Procurer-General of the *Cour des Aides* is made the First President of the same Company. This Promotion is very considerable for him: Do not fail to write to him, one or the other of you, and let the Person who does not write, insert a Line in the Letter. The President de *Nichola* is restored to his Post. This is directly writing you a Letter of News.

L E T T E R

LETTER LI.

Paris, January 8, 1672.

CAN you guess whither I am going now, my Dear? to *Livré*: and To-morrow I am to dine at *Pomponne* with my good † Friend. He has begged of me so tenderly to make him this Visit, while the Weather continues fine, that I could not refuse him. You seem to expect with Tranquillity the Return of your Workmen; we are not in the same Sentiments; we fear the Conclusion of all this, which cannot but be disagreeable. We have been talking of it, Monsieur the Bishop of *Uzès* and I, and considering the Vexations which will attend every Resolution that can be taken.

I desire to give you Warning of one Thing, which I will maintain in Opposition to you and your Husband. It is, that if, after your having purged, you have only a Thought of lying with Mr. *de Grignan*, you may count upon it that you are breeding; and if any of your sage Matrons says a Word to the contrary, she is certainly corrupted by your Husband. After this Advice I have nothing farther to say.

I dare not think of your Affairs; it is a Labyrinth of Vexations, which I cannot see the End of. I have heard no News To-day; if I had sworn to fill the Paper, I should send you nothing but Fooleries, and idle
Con.

† Mr. d'Andilli.

L E T T E R S.

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Conjectures of what may happen in six Weeks; but the Thoughts of it are tedious to me. What I chuse most to inform you of, is, that the Excuses made by those who do not write on proper Occasions, are received with Inhumanity in this Country. I have been guilty of the same Neglect in *Bretagne*, but it has since cost me many an Apology. I hope you will make your Advantage of this Discourse in the Air. They talk of several Marriages; when the Articles are signed, I will give you an Account of them. Adieu, my Dear; I have been an Hour playing with your Daughter; she is very amiable. It is late, and I must leave you to go and weep at *Livré*, and to indulge my Tenderness in thinking on you.

L E T T E R LII.

Paris, Friday Evening, Jan. 15, 1672.

I Have writ to you this Morning, my Dear, by the Courier, who brings you the most agreeable, the most delightful News in the World concerning your Affairs in *Provence*: But I am willing to write this Evening, that it may not be said, that a Post ever arrived without bringing you my Letters. In good Earnest, my Dear, I perswade myself that you love them; you tell me so; why should you desire to deceive me by deceiving yourself at the same Time? But if by any Misfortune it should not prove so, you would be to be lamented, in being thus oppressed
with

with the Number of my Letters : Yours make the Happiness of my Life. I have not given you any Answer concerning the Expression * *une belle Ame* ; it is *Langlade* who uses it in a Way of Ridicule ; but it is extremely proper when applied to you. Your Soul is not perhaps of the first Order of Beauties, like that of the *Roman* who returned to *Carthage*, where he expected to suffer more than Martyrdom, that he might keep his Word ; but you may safely boast, my Dear, that yours is a Beauty of the second Rank : I think it so perfect, and advanced to so high a Reputation, that I can only admire it, and remind you always to support your Reason by your Courage, and your Courage by your Reason.

I have seen the new Tragedy of *Racine* ; it appears to me extremely fine. My † Daughter-in-Law is, in my Opinion, the most transcendently excellent Actress I have ever seen ; she surpasses *la Desfœillets* by a hundred thousand Degrees. As for me, who am allowed to be tolerably well qualified for the Stage, I am not worthy to snuff the Candles, when she appears on it. She is not beautiful, when viewed too near ; and I do not wonder she was disagreeable to my Son : But when she recites Verses, she is extremely to be admired. *Bajazet* is really very fine ; I think it is a little embarrassed at the Conclusion ; but the Passion is extremely tender, and less unreasonable than that of † *Berenice*. However,
in

* A beautiful Soul.

† *La Chammelay*, Mistress to Mr. *de Sevigné*.

† Another Tragedy of *Racine*.

in my humble Opinion, it does not exceed the * *Andromaque*; and as for the noble Tragedies of *Corneille*, they are as much superior to it, as your Idea was beyond — Appiy this to yourself and remember that ridiculous Mistake; and believe firmly, that nothing can ever equal the Divine Passages of *Corneille*. He read to us the other Day, a Tragedy at Mr. de *Rochefoucault*'s, which puts us in mind of the late Queen. I wish you had been with me that Afternoon; you would not have passed the Time disagreeably; you might perhaps have dropped a little Tear, because I wept a hundred; you would have admired your Sister in-Law; you would have seen the † Angels sitting next to you, and *la Bourdeau* dressed up like a little Puppet. Monsieur the Duke was behind the Theatre; *Pomenard* was in the Upper Gallery, muffled up in his Cloak for fear of the Comte de *Creancé*, who resolves to have him hanged, whatever Defence he can make. All the pretty Fellows were upon the Stage; the Marquis de *Villeroy* had a Habit made for a Ball; the Comte de *Guiche* was in a Dress agreeable to his Romantic Humour; all the rest appeared like *Banditi* in Comparison of him. I have seen this Comte twice at Mr. de la *Rochefoucault*'s; he seemed to me to have a great deal of Wit; and his Deportment was less supernatural than his Character gave me Reason to expect.

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Our

* Another Tragedy of *Racine*.

† A Set of Ladies distinguished by that Name.

Our Abbé, with whom I am at present, desires me to let you know, that he has received the Plan of your new Building at *Grignan*, and that he is very well pleased with it. He walks about all the Apartments, before they are built; this is a Pleasure I must be contented to wait for, till I see them finished. He desires you to send him the Profile of them.

I have a thousand Compliments to make you from all those who heard the agreeable Expressions the King was pleased to use in speaking of *Mr. de Grignan*.

Adieu, my Dear; what shall I say to you of my Amity, and of the Interest I take in you! *Mr. d'Harouy* is just arrived here. I have delivered all your Answers. I embrace the admirable *Grignan*, the prudent Coadjutor, and the presumptuous *Ademar*: Is not this the Order in which I named them to you the other Day.

L E T T E R LIII.

From St. Mary's in the Faubourg, on Friday the Twenty-ninth Day of January, the Festival of St. Francois de Sales, and the Day of your Marriage. This is my principal Dotage, that I make Anniversaries of every thing.

I Am in a Place, my Dear, where I wept for your Departure most abundantly and most bitterly; the Thought of it even now puts me in a Disorder. I have been an Hour walking

walking all alone in the Garden ; all the Sisters of the Convent are at Vespers, much embarrassed with a Piece of ill Musick, which I had no Inclination to hear. My Dear, I can bear it no longer ; the Remembrance of you makes me suffer a thousand Deaths. I have almost found myself expiring in this Garden, where I have seen you a thousand Times ; I am unwilling to tell you the Condition I am in ; you have a severe Virtue, which cannot enter into the Weaknesses of Humanity. There are Days, Hours, and Moments, in which I am not Mistress of myself ; I am weak, and I do not pretend to be otherwise. My Weakness is in such a Degree, that I am quite overcome with it ; and, to increase it, a Messenger whom I had sent to the *Chevalier de Grignan*, brings me Word that he is extremely ill. This lamentable Piece of News has not contributed to dry my Eyes ; I cannot express to you how much I suffer from the Fear of such a Loss. That malicious Viper *Mr. de Mirepoix* has been restored even from Death ; and this lovely Youth, well-born, finely shaped, of a winning Disposition, and a generous Mind, whose Death can be of no Advantage to any One, is like to perish amidst all our tender Cares for him. You will receive Letters by this Post, writ later, which will give you a more exact Account of his Illness ; I content myself at present with deploring it.

Madame de Fresnoy supped with me last Night ; she appeared a Nymph, a Divinity ; but *Madame de Maintenon*, *Madame de la*

Fayette, and I, were for comparing her to *Madame de Grignan*. We thought her a hundred Degrees beneath you, not for her Air and Complexion, but her Eyes have a peculiar Oddness, her Nose is not comparable to yours, and her Mouth is not delicate; yours is perfect, and so elegant in its Beauty, that every Word it pronounces seems to give it a peculiar Grace. As for your Wit, these Ladies have seen nothing superior to it; your Conduct, your Prudence, your Judgment, every thing was celebrated; I have never seen any One commended in a handsomer Manner. I had not the Power to constrain myself to say one modest Thing for you, nor to speak against my Conscience.

They say the Chancellor is dead :- I do not know whether the Seals will be disposed of before this Post goes out.

Adieu, my Dear, this Letter will be short; I cannot write any thing in the Condition I am in, and you have no need to be acquainted with my Grief: but if sometimes you receive Letters of an infinite Length, you can only blame yourself, and your Flatteries on the Pleasure they give you; after this, you can have no Pretence to complain of them.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

Paris, February 5, 1672.

IT is To day a Thousand Years since I was born; so tedious is Life. Our good Friend the Coadjutor is retired to a Solitude; the Thought of his leaving you has made me melancholy. I send you four Reams of Paper, you know upon what Condition; I hope to receive the greatest Part of it again in Letters before *Easter*; after that I shall aspire to other Pleasures.

I forgot to tell you in my last, that I met *Canaples* at *Notre-Dame*; he told me, after a thousand Amities for *Mr. de Grignan*, that the Marshal *de Villeroy* had told him that *Mr. de Grignan's* Letters were admired at the Council, that they were read with Pleasure, and that the King said he had never seen any better written. I promised him to let you know it.

MADAME the Princess of *Conti* died seven or eight Hours after I had sealed up my Paquet by the last Post, without any Sense of her Death. The Desolation in her Chamber at this last Moment was inexpressible. Monsieur the Duke, Messieurs the Princes of *Conti*, Madame de *Longneville*, Madame de *Gamache* wept heartily. *La Gue-negault* chose to express her Sorrow by fainting away; and *la Brissac* by making loud Screams, and pretending to throw herself over the Balconies. These two Ladies did

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not

not succeed in convincing the Spectators of the Excess of their Grief ; which is an Instance to shew, that they who prove too much, prove nothing ; as I do not know what Logician has observed. In a Word, the Grief is universal. The King appears touched with it, and has made her Panegyric, That she was more considerable by her Virtue, than by her Greatness. She leaves the Education of her Children to Madame de Longueville ; so the Devil is deceived, if he expects to have these two little Princes ; they are trusted to a good Hand. MONSIEUR the Prince is their Governour. There is 20000 Crowns left to the Poor, and as much amongst her Domesticks. She has left Orders, that she will be buried in her own Parish, without any Pomp, as a private Woman. I do not know whether it will please you to hear all these Particulars, but this is the Account I have to give of it.

You will have me write long Letters ; see the Hazard you run in desiring it. I saw this Princess Yesterday lying on her Bed : She was disfigured by what they had made her suffer ; her Mouth was quite defaced, they had broke two of her Teeth, and her Head had been burned. If One does not die of an Apoplexy, One is much to be lamented, in the Condition the poor Patients are put into. There might fine Reflections be made on such a Kind of Death, cruel for any other, but happy for her, who was not sensible of it, and who was always prepared for it.

Mr.

Mr. *de la Rochefoucault* desires me to tell you, that he has seen a little white Mouse that is as beautiful as you ; it is the prettiest little Creature in the World ; it is kept in a Cage.

Here is Madame *de Coulanges*, who orders me to make you twenty Protestations of her Amity ; but I am not paid by her as a Secretary.

L E T T E R L V.

Paris, February 12, 1672.

I Cannot but be in Pain for you, my Dear, when I consider the Grief you will endure for the Death of the poor Chevalier. You have seen him very lately ; that is enough to make you love him much, and know yet better all the good Qualities Heaven had bestowed on him. It is true, no Man was ever better born, or had Sentiments more to be approved or desired, with a very graceful Countenance and an extreme Tenderness for you. These noble Qualities must have rendered him infinitely amiable to you, and to all the World. I easily comprehend your Grief, the more I feel it in myself.

However, I undertake to amuse you a little while, my Dear, with an Account of what passes in the World. The Marquis *de Villeroy* is set out for *Lyons*, as I have already informed you. The King ordered him to be told by the Marshal *de Crequi*, that he should remove from the Court. It is thought to be on Account of some Discourse he had with

Madame the Comtess *de Soissons*. In a Word,
On parle D'eaux, de Tibre, et l'on se tait du
reste.

The King enquired of *MONSIEUR*, who
 was returned from *Paris*; Well, Brother, what
 is the News at *Paris*? *MONSIEUR* replied,
 They talk much of that poor Marquis. And
 what do they say of him? They say, he had the
 Imprudence to speak for another unfortunate
 Person. For what unfortunate Person, said
 the King? *MONSIEUR* replied, for the
Chevalier de Lorraine. But, said the King,
 do you think still of the *Chevalier de Lor-*
raine? Are you concerned for him? Should
 you be obliged to any One, who would re-
 store him to you? Yes, said Monsieur, it
 would be the most sensible Pleasure I can
 ever receive in my Life. Very well, said the
 King: I intend to make you a Present of
 him; it is two Days since the Courier went
 for him; he will return; I give him to you;
 I am willing to lay you under this Obliga-
 tion, and hope you will love him for my
 Sake. I do more; for I make him a *Maitre*
de Camp in my Army. Upon this, *MON-*
SIEUR threw himself at the King's Feet,
 embraced his Knees a considerable Time, and
 kissed his Hand with a Joy not to be equalled.
 The King, raising him up, said, It is not
 thus that Brothers should embrace one ano-
 ther; and returned the Embrace with a
 Fraternal Tendernefs. These Particulars come
 from a very good Hand; nothing can be
 more

* A Verse of *Corneille* in *Cinna*. Some Circumstan-
 ces little material are told, but the rest is concealed.

more true. You may make your own Reflections upon it, draw what Consequences you think proper, and redouble your noble Passion for the Service of the King your Master.

It is said that *MADAME* will go this Journey, and that several Ladies will accompany her. They are much divided in their Sentiments upon it at the Court of *MONSIEUR*. Some Faces there are lengthened by it half a Foot, others are shortened as much; they say that of the *Chevalier de Beuvron* is of an infinite Extent. *Mr. de Noailles* is to return, and serve as a Lieutenant-General in the Army of *MONSIEUR*, with *Mr. de Schomberg*. The King said to the Marshal *de Villeroy*, It is fit your Son should do this Penance; but Punishments in this World are not infinite. You may assure yourself that this is true. Particular Accounts, when false, are my Aversion; but I like them, when they are true: If you are not in my Taste, you will suffer for it, for I have given you enough of them.

Le Maran was the other Day the only Person in a deep Mourning Dress at *Madame de Longueville's*; this Affectation made her sufficiently ridiculous. *Langlade* desires me to acquaint you, that with a View of pleasing you, he exposed her dexterously for all the Impertinences she said of you, and he wished you had been behind the Curtain; I could wish it with all my Heart. *Madame de Brissac* appeared inconsolable in *Madame de Longueville's* Apartment; but, unfortunately

for her, the Comte *de Guiche* begun to railly with her, and she was out in playing her Part, as much as in the Despair she acted upon the Death of the Princess; for when she should have utterly lost her Senses, she forgot herself, and knew perfectly well every One who came into the Room.

Adieu, my Dear: Do not you think it an immense Space of Time, since we have been separated. I am so sensibly touched with Grief at the Thought of it, that it would be insupportable to me, if I was not pleased with loving you as I do, how painful soever the Consequences may be. Adieu, therefore, I am entirely yours; this is a Compliment of which I cannot bate you the least Tittle.

LETTER LVI.

Paris, March 9, 1672.

NEVER tell me any more of the Elegance of my Letters; I have just now received one from you which pleases me in the highest Degree; and would have done the same, if I did not love you in the Manner I do. I should tell it you oftner, if I was not fearful of offending; but I am always charmed with your Letters, tho' I say nothing of it. Madame *de Coulanges* is charmed in the same Manner with certain Passages that I shew her, which it is impossible to forbear imparting. There is an Air of Gaiety that runs through this Letter, which renders it extremely entertaining. It is a long Time since you have been depressed with Melancholy; I have been
deeply

deeply concerned about it : But the pleasant Game you have been engaged in has diverted you, as it has been said to have done the *Greeks*. I wish you had only played at it, and not lost your Money. Such continual ill Luck is very provoking ; One hates to be thus rooked by Fortune ; it is shocking to see others have such an Advantage over you, tho' it be but in Trifles. *Nicole* has described this Kind of Inquietude with great Delicacy. I perfectly hate Fortune, and am convinced she is blind, since she treats you in this Manner ; if she had the least Glimmering of Sight, you could not be thus unfortunate.

I forbid you to send me your Picture ; if your Beauty be in its full Lustre, permit the Painter to take the Opportunity of doing Justice to it ; but reserve this agreeable Present for me till I come ; I should be sorry to leave it here. Take my Advice ; and, in the mean time, accept a Present, surpassing all that has or will be made to you ; for this is not saying too much of it : It is, my Dear, a Necklace of Pearls of twelve thousand Crowns ; it is considerable for its Price, but not less so for my Amity. Consider it, weigh it, see how finely it is strung, and tell me your Opinion of it. It is the finest that has been seen, and has been admired here. If you approve it, it will be followed by some other Presents ; for I am not liberal by halves. Seriously, it is very fine, and belonged to our Neighbour the *Venetian* Ambassador, who died lately, and valued it as a Rarity. I have likewise the *Pincettes* which were employed

ployed on that inimitable Beard of his, and which are the neatest in *Paris*. I have besides a Book, which my Uncle *de Seigné* desires me to send you ; I imagine it is not a Romance. I shall not leave to him the Care of sending you the Tales of *la Fontaine*, which are ——— you shall judge of them.

We endeavour to amuse our * Cardinal ; *Corneille* has read to him a Tragedy, which will be played in a little Time, and which makes us remember the Ancients. *Moliere* is to read to him on *Saturday*, *les Femmes Savantes*, which is a finished Piece. *Despreaux* has promised to favour us with a Sight of his *Lutrin*, and his Art of Poetry. This is all we can do for the Service of the good Cardinal ; he loves you entirely ; he speaks of you often ; and your Praises are not so easily ended as they are begun. But, alas ! when we consider that they have taken from us our dear Daughter, nothing is capable of giving us Consolation. For my part, it would grieve me to receive any Comfort ; I do not pretend either to Constancy or Philosophy ; my Heart is my only Guide and Conductor. We were observing the other Day, and I believe I communicated the Observation to you, that the true Measure of the Merit of a Heart, is the Capacity of loving. I am inclined to believe, that, according to this Rule, I might pretend to an exalted Degree of Virtue ; this Reflection would make me too vain, if I had not other Reasons sufficient to reduce me to a lower Rank.

Ademan

* The Cardinal *de Retz*.

Ademar loves me, but he hates the Bishop too much, and you too are guilty of the same Error; it is Idleness that puts you upon it; you would not have the Leisure to think of him if you were here. Mr. *d'Uzez* has shewed me a Memorial, which he has formed from a rough Draught of yours, with which he will do Wonders. You may trust to him; you need only send him whatever you think proper, and you have no Reason to fear that any thing will come from his Hands, which is not finished to the utmost Perfection. There appears in whatever comes from any of you a little Touch of Impetuosity, which is the true Mark of the Hand it comes from. I shall let you know the Conclusion which Mr. *d'Uzez* will give to this Comedy. I go every Day, and leave my Name with the Bishop's Porter, as he every Day leaves his with mine: Do not suffer all this Ceremony to give you any Apprehension that I shall betray your Interests. There are several Prelates very uneasy about this Peace which is to be made between you, but it shall not be made without good Conditions. If you would do the Bishop a Pleasure, throw away a great deal of Money, and give yourselves a great deal of Trouble; this is what he expects from you.

Let me tell you a Piece of News. The King has intimated to Messieurs *de Charost* that he was willing to give them the Titles of Duke and Peer, that is to say that they should both have at Present the Honours of the *Louvre*, and an Assurance of having these Titles confirm'd

firm'd in Parliament the first Opportunity. The Son is to be made Lieutenant General of *Picardy*, a Post which has not been filled up for a considerable Time, with an Appointment of twenty thousand Francs. He is to have besides, two hundred thousand Francs of Mr. *de Duras*, to whom he is to resign the Charge of Captain of the *Gardes du Corps*. Reflect a little upon this, and consider whether Mr. *de Duras* does not seem to have the Advantage of Mr. *de Charost*. This Place is so desirable for the high Trust it carries with it, and the Honour of being so near his Majesty, that it is above any Price. He will go to the Army with his Majesty; he will have a Command in the King's House; there is no Dignity which can recompense the Loss of this Post. However, every One enters into their Master's Sentiments, and finds Reasons why Messieurs *de Charost* ought to be contented. They talk still of War; you may easily imagine how much I am alarmed at it.

I send you *Bajazet*; if I could send *la Cham-melay* with it, you would like the Tragedy better; but without her, it loses half its Value. I perfectly doat on *Corneille*; he is giving us a new Tragedy, intituled *Pulcherie*, in which we shall still discover

*The Hand which crown'd
The Death of Pompey, and the Love of Cinna.*

Every thing must yield to his Genius.

There is a little Fable of *la Fontaine*, which he made on the Adventure of a Chaplain of Mr.

Mr. *de Boufflers*, who was killed as he sat near him in his Coach. The Adventure is very odd, but it makes a pretty Fable, though not comparable to those that follow it.

The Affair of Madame *de Courcelles* will soon be brought upon the Carpet; I know not whether she will touch the adamantine Breast of Mr. *d'Avaux*; but hitherto he has been as rude at *la Tournelle* as in his Answer.

I write on without Measure, but I must come to a Conclusion. When I write to others, I am glad when I have finished my Letters; but in writing to you, the Fatigue itself is a Pleasure. I have a thousand Compliments to make you from Mr. *de la Rochefoucault*, from his Eminence, from *du Barillon*, and above all from Madame *Scarron*, who pleases my Fancy most in making your Panegyric; you are perfectly agreeable to her Taste. As for Mr. and Madame *de Coulanges*, the Abbé, and *la Mousse*, I am perpetually teized with their Importunities to say something from them; but I am not always in the Humour of compiling Litanies, filled with their Prayers and good Wishes. There are others whom I forget. Adieu, my Dear, I embrace your Comte; but I had rather have him be in his own Apartment than in yours. What a Pleasure it would be to see you, with your fine Shape, in perfect Health, and in a Condition to go abroad, and make one in any Party of Diversion. Let me have once more the Pleasure of seeing you thus, in all your Bloom of Youth and Beauty.

LET.

LETTER LVII.

Paris, April 8, 1672.

THE War is declared, and they talk of beginning their March. The Marshal *du Plessis* is not to leave *Paris*. He acts as a Citizen and a Canon: He will keep his own Laurels out of Danger, and be only a Spectator of the War. I think he does not act a wrong Part, having already established so great a Reputation. He tells the King, that he envies his Sons the Honour of serving his Majesty; and that, for his own Part, he wishes for Death, since he can no longer be of any Use. The King embraces him, and answers, That the highest Ambition others can aspire to, is to make some Approaches to the Reputation he has gained. It is agreeable to repose in Safety after so many Victories: I think him happy in not exposing any more to the Caprice of Fortune the Glory he has acquired by all the Labours of his Life. The Marshal *de Bellefont* has taken up his Residence at *la Trappe* for the Holy Week; but before he went, he spoke very sharply to Mr. *de Louvois*, who would have retrenched something from his Charge of General under the Prince; he submitted the Affair to the Judgment of his Majesty, and carried his Point like a Man of Honour. Adieu, my Dearest.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

Paris, April 20, 1672.

THE King sets out To morrow : There will be a hundred thousand Men fewer in *Paris*, according to the Calculations that have been made in every Quarter of this City. We are engaging in a very cruel and hazardous War ; it has been said in the Presence of the King, that we have seen nothing equal to it since the Passage of *Charles VIII.* into *Italy*.

† *L'Issel* is surrounded with twelve hundred Pieces of Cannon, with 60000 Foot, with three great Towns, and with a large River on this Side of it. The Comte de Guiche, who knows that Country, shewed us a Map of it at Madame de Verneuil's ; it is an astonishing Enterprize. MONSIEUR the Prince is very much taken up with this Affair. There came to him the other Day a pleasant Sort of a Fellow, who told him he knew a Secret to furnish him with Money. My Friend, said he, I thank thee ; but if thou hast any Invention to make us pass *L'Issel* without being knock'd on the Head, thou wilt do me a great Pleasure, for I know of none.

He has for Lieutenants, the Marshals d'Humières, and de Bellefont. I have a particular Relation to give you concerning them, which you ought to be informed of. The two Armies are to join : The King will command MONSIEUR, MONSIEUR will command

† According to the Dutch Pronunciation, the *Scheld*.

the Prince, the Prince will command Mr. *de Turenne*, and Mr. *de Turenne* will command the two Marshals, and even the Army of Mr. *de Crequi*. The King spoke of this to the Marshal *de Bellefont*, and told him, he ordered him to obey Mr. *de Turenne*, without any Prejudice to his Dignity. The Marshal, without demanding Time to consider of it (that was his Fault) answered, That he should not be worthy of the Honour the King had done him, if he should dishonour himself by an Obedience without Example. The King desired him, with much good Nature, to consider of the Answer he had made him; he told him he desired this Proof of his Friendship, and that his own Disgrace would be the Consequence of his Refusal. The Marshal replied, That he saw very well he should lose the Pleasure of his Majesty's good Graces, and ruin his own Fortune; but that all this appeared to him more eligible, than to forfeit his Esteem; and that he could not obey Mr. *de Turenne*, without dishonouring the Dignity to which he had raised him. The King said, Then we must part: The Marshal made him a very low Bow, and left him. Mr. *de Louvois*, who does not love him, immediately sent him an Order to go to *Tours*. His Name is rased out of the List of the King's Household: He has a Debt of fifty thousand Crowns more than all his Estate is worth; he is utterly ruined; but he is contented. It is not doubted but he will retire to *la Trappe*. He offered his Equipage, which was made at the King's Expence, to his Majesty,

jeſty, to be diſpoſed of as he pleaſed. This was interpreted as a Deſign to affront the King : Nothing could be more innocent. All his Friends and Relations, and all who have any Attachment to him, are inſolable : *Madame de Villars* is ſo likewise. Do not fail to write to her, and to the poor Maſhal.

The Maſhal *d'Humières*, who was ſupported by *Mr. de Louvois*, had not appeared at Court ſince, and waited, till the Maſhal *de Crequi* had given his Answer. He came Poſt from the Army to give it himſelf; he arrived Yeſterday, and had a Converſation of an Hour with the King. The Maſhal *de Grammont* was called in, who maintained the Rights of the Maſhals of *France*, and deſired the King to judge, who did the greateſt Honour to that Dignity, They who, to ſupport its Grandeur, expoſed themſelves to the Danger of diſobliging his Maſteſty ; or He who was aſhamed to bear that Title, who had effaced it out of every Place where it was found, who eſteemed the Name of Maſhal as an Injury to him, and who affected to command in Quality of a Prince. The Concluſion of all this was, that the Maſhal *de Crequi* is gone to his Country Houſe to plant Cabbages, as well as the Maſhal *d'Humières*.

This is all the preſent Subject of Converſation. It is much diſputed whether they did well or ill in it: Their Partifans on both Sides are grown warm in the Debate. The Comteſs *de —* has talked herſelf into a ſore Throat, and the Comte *de Guiche* is ſo hoarſe

hoarse he cannot speak: The Debate between them grew into a perfect Comedy; there was a Necessity of parting them. The Truth is, they are three Men of great Importance for the War, and it will be difficult to supply their Places. The Prince much regrets the Loss of them for the Sake of the King's Interest. Mr. *de Schomberg*, having commanded Armies in Chief, refuses likewise to obey Mr. *de Turenne*. In a Word, *France*, tho' it abounds so much in great Generals, will scarce find any who will accept of Employments by Means of this unhappy Misunderstanding.

Mr. *d'Aligre* has the Seals; he is fourscore Years old; they are only deposited with him. He is chose like a Pope, only with a View to a quick Succession.

L E T T E R LIX.

Paris, April 26, 1672.

I Have just been making the Tour of the City. I have been with Mr. *de de la Rochefoucault*; he is oppressed with Grief upon his taking Leave of his Sons; but in the midst of all this Concern, he begs me to say a thousand Tendernesses to you from him. We have had much Discourse on this melancholly Occasion. All the World is in Tears, for their Sons, their Brothers, their Husbands, their Lovers. One must be of a miserable selfish Temper not to be deeply interested in the Departure of all *France*. Dan-

geau

geant and the Comte de * *Sault* came to bid us Adieu. They informed us, that the King, instead of setting out To-morrow, as it was believed he would, in order to prevent the Effusion of Tears, went this Morning at Ten, without letting his Intention be publicly known. He set out only with twelve in Company with him; all the World is hurrying after him. Instead of going to *Villers-Cotrait*, he is gone to *Nanteuil*, where it is thought that † others will meet him, who have disappeared here. To-morrow he is to go to *Soissons*, and afterwards he will follow the same Rout that was first resolved on. If you do not think this to be gallant, you need only declare your Opinion of it. The Melancholly that reigns universally, is in such a Degree, as to be beyond Imagination. The Queen remains here in the Quality of Regent: All the principal-Companies have been to pay their Compliments to her. Here is a very strange War, begun in all the Pomp of Sorrow. As I returned hither, I found our good Cardinal here, who came to take his Leave of me; we talked an Hour together; he has writ you a little valedictory Epistle, and he sets out To-morrow.* Mr. d'Uzez is going away too: Who is it that is not leaving *Paris*? Alas! it is I alone; but I shall have my Turn as well as others. It is true, it is a cruel Thing to take a Journey of two hundred Leagues, and in the Conclusion of it to find oneself at *Aix*.

I am

* Afterwards Duke de *Lesdiguières*.

† Madame la Duchesse de la *Vallée*.

I am extremely glad you are not breeding; I love Mr. *de Grignan* for it with all my Heart. Tell me, if this Happiness was owing to his great Temperance, or to his Tenderness for you; and if you are not pleased with the Liberty of going abroad, and diverting yourself in *Provence*, and of receiving me there without the Danger of a Fall, or a Miscarriage.

LETTER LX.

Paris, Friday, April 29, 1672.

YOU are now in the midst of your Journey, my Dear; you cannot do any thing better at present; One is not always in a Condition, or in a Humour, to travel. If you was less adventurous, I should be more easy in it; but you love to attempt uncommon Exploits, where Coach has never passed; this gives me Uneasiness. Believe me, never build the *Pont-neuf*, nor force Nature; but ride on Horse-back, or be carried in a Litter, like other People. Consider what it is to have an Arm, a Leg, or a Neck broke. Write to me as often as you can; especially from *Monaco*.

I am very well with the Comte *de Guiche*; I have seen him several Times at Mr. *de la Rochefoucault's*, and at the *Hôtel de Sully*: He always attacks me, he fancies that I have Wit; we have raillied much together. He told me in what a barbarous Manner his Sister has been maimed by Letting blood;
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it excites Fear and Compassion. I have never seen him with his *Chimene*; they are both of them Personages so exactly formed upon the Model of an old Romance, that there is no Suspicion of the least Indelicacy in their Passion, and it is thought they have each of them their Reasons to observe inviolably the Laws of Honour.

It is two Months since *la Maran* has seen her Son; he has no very good Opinion of her. Shall I tell you what she said the other Day? You know her Sayings are a little remarkable. She declared, that for her Part, she had rather die than grant Favours to a Man she loved; but that if she found a Man that loved her, and that was not quite disagreeable, if she was entirely free from a Passion for him, she might perhaps prevail with herself to venture on a little Compliance. Her Son preserves in his Memory this virtuous Resolution of hers, and makes it an infallible Rule, by which he can judge of her Intrigues. He told her, he approved of this Distinction the more, because it was delicate and new; he had before conversed only with Creatures of such gross Imaginations, that they could not discern the one from the other, but always confounded the Man that was beloved with him that was favoured: But that it was agreeable to her nicer Taste, to reform these old Maxims, which had no Manner of Delicacy in Comparison of the refined Sentiments she endeavoured to introduce. It is very pleasant to hear his Reflections on this Subject. Since he has had this
Key

Key to his Mother's Behaviour, he has lost Sight of her, but he draws his own Consequences without any Difficulty.

I have seen Madame *du Pleffis Believre*; she related to me the Conversation between the King and the Marshal *de Crequi*. It was very long, very pressing, very reasonable, and urged with a very moving Address. If he had been the first that had spoke of it, this Matter had doubtless been accommodated; he proposed five or six Temperaments which might have been received, if the King had not made it a Law to himself, not to yield to any Accommodation. The Marshal *de Bellefont* had spoiled this Affair. Mr. *de la Rochefoucault* says, he has nothing in his Mind, which joins easily with the Sentiments of other Persons. The Marshal *de Crequi* appeared in the deepest Concern, and said to the King, Sir, take from me the Marshal's Staff: May not that be done at your Pleasure? Let me serve this Campaign simply as Marquis *de Crequi*; perhaps I may deserve to have it restored to me again by your Majesty at the End of the War. The King was touched with the Concern he saw him in; and as he went out of the Cabinet, transported with Grief, scarce knowing any One he met, he said to the Marshal *de Villeroy*, Follow after the Marshal *de Crequi*, he is almost beside himself with Grief and Zeal. He spoke of him with Esteem, and without Resentment, and has made his Company of Guards serve in the Army. He is gone to his House at *Marines* near *Pontoise*, with his Wife and Children.

Children. The Marshal *de Humières* is gone to *Angers*. This, my Dear, has been the only Subject of Conversation here these four Days. There are no Persons of Distinction left in *Paris*. I am yours without any Limitation or Reserve.

LETTER LXI.

Paris, Friday, May 1, 1672.

I Have kept our Secret, as if you had designed to come to us by Stealth; but I can answer for it no longer, since *Valcroissant* has informed *Mademoiselle de Scuderi* of it, as he was commending you for your obliging Behaviour, and saying how much you are adored in *Provence*. But are you resolved to take the utmost Care of yourself, and have you no Design that I should be in Pain about you? It is scarce possible you can be so good. I dined Yesterday with *Madame de Villars*, with *Mr. de Vindisgrats*, and two others of his Country, with *Monsieur and Madame de Schomberg*, and with *Monsieur and Madame de Bethune*: As you see,

* *La plus part des Amans
Etoient des Allemans.*

Mr. de Schomberg is one of the most agreeable Husbands in the World, without taking it into the Account that he is a Hero. He has
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* An Allusion to a Sonnet of *Sarasin*. The greatest Part of Lovers are like *Germans*.

an easy Wit, and a certain kind of right Sense proceeding from an Integrity in his Nature, which lays One as it were under an Obligation to him; his Wife adores him; but because no One is to be compleatly happy in this World, she has not a Moment's Health. You was much talked of, and commended to the Skies. What seemed to me very pleasant was, that *Vindisgrats* recollected that he had heard you say six Years ago of one of his Countrymen the Comte de Dieétristein, that he was very like Mr. de Beaufort, only he spoke better French: We were very much diverted with his remembring this little Piece of Pleasantry. This gave us an Occasion to speak of your Wit. He saw you with the Queen, when you took Leave of her, and he has a great Idea of your Person. Madame de Coulanges came in the Evening; we went to the *Thuilleries*, and saw there all the Men who are left in *Paris*, who are not like to stay with us long; and besides this good Company, Mr. de * *Saint Rut*. What a strange Figure of a Man he is! and how great an Idea of his other Merits do we conceive from the Disorder of his Physiognomy. But how shall I express to you the Tenderneſſes, the Amities, the Thanks of Mr. de la Rochefoucault, de Segrain, and Madame de la Fayette, with whom I passed the Evening, and to whom I shewed a Part of your Letter: There were

* It is said, that for these rare Qualities, a Lady with a Title, and of an illustrious Rank in other Respects, was privately married to him; he was afterwards made Lieutenant-General.

were so many obliging Things to them in it, that I should have done entirely wrong in concealing it from them. * *Langlade* came to us, who is going to *Bourbon*; we perswaded him to make a Visit to you. *Segrais* shewed us, or would have shewed us, a Collection he has made of the Sonnets of *Blot*: They are not writ with all the Decency that might be desired; it is Pity there is so much Wit in them. He told us a Story of a Woman of *Normandy* he just came from, who, speaking of a Son she had who was an Abbé, said he had Thoughts of beginning his Studies, and that in the mean time he was setting up for a Preacher: This admirable Method of ordering his Affairs made us laugh. *Madame de Verneuil* has been very ill at *Verneuil*. *La Descars* has had a Kind of an Apoplexy, which has put her into a great Fright, and several others who enjoy an Excess of Health. I have given your Billet to *Branças*; he will answer it at *Grignan*. Father *Itier* salutes you with the most profound Reverence. I am angry with Mr. *de Grignan*; were it not for that, I should love him. *Ninon* says, that your Brother is beneath the Definition that has been given of him: It is true, that he does not know himself; but he knows others less than himself. Adieu, my Dear; there never was seen an Attachment so natural and so tender as that I have for you.

† A Man attached at first to the Duke *de Bouillon*, and afterwards Secretary of the Cabinet.

LETTER LXII.

Paris, May 16, 1672.

IT is thought we are going to besiege *Mastric*: This Siege is a little less frightful than the Passage of *l'Iffel*. We really tremble in receiving Letters from the Army, but it will be much worse a Fortnight hence. Mr. *de la Rochefoucault* and I mutually afflict and comfort one another: He has three or four Sons, who have a very tender Interest in his Heart.

Madame *de Maran* came Yesterday to Madame *de la Fayette's*: She looked as gloomy, as if she had made a Compact with the Devil, and the fatal Day was approaching: She certainly has a profound Grief for some Officer, who has left her without the least Regret. Madame *de la Fayette* desires me to tell you, that tho' she never enjoys her Health, she is not at all the more reconciled to Death; quite the contrary. For my Part, I own there are a great many disagreeable Things in Life; but yet I am not so far out of Conceit with it, as your Philosophy seems to enjoin; you will find it a hard Matter to get this odd Fancy of loving Life out of my Head.

I do not know when you will have a First President; I believe few, except those of *Provence*, are desirous of that Place.

I dined Yesterday with *la Troche*, with the Abbé *Arnauld*, and Madame *de Valentinois*.

After

After Dinner we had the * *Camus*, his Son, and *Itier*; this makes up a very exquisite little Symphony. After this, arrived Mademoiselle *de Grignan* with her Gentleman, that is, *Beaulieu*, her Governess *Helene*, her Woman *Marie*, her little Page *Faquot* her Nurse's Son, and her Nurse *Jeanne* in her Sunday Cloaths; she is the neatest Countrywoman I have ever seen. All this made a pretty Appearance, we looked on them with Pleasure, and made them pass on into the Garden; I liked extremely this little Procession from the Nursery.

But, my Dear, we think of setting out from *Paris*. One Day we were saying, the Abbé and I, let us go; my Aunt will hold out till Autumn. This was resolved on. The next Day we thought her so extremely weak, that we said one to another, we must not think of going; it would be barbarous; the next Full Moon will carry her off. Thus we pass on from Day to Day, despairing to come to any Resolution. You easily comprehend the State we are in; it is excessively uneasy. What makes me most wistful myself in *Provence* is, that I may be sincerely afflicted for the Loss of a Person who has been always dear to me: I find, that if I stay here, the Liberty she will give me will take off some Part of my Tenderneſs, and my natural Goodneſs of Temper. Do not you admire the unaccountable Disposition of Things in this World, and the unexpected Manner in which Events often cross our Way.

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* Gentleman with the flat Nose.

All that is certain, is, that in whatever Manner it be, we are resolved upon going to *Grignan* this Summer. Leave to us the Care of getting over this unhappy Difficulty, as we can; and be assured, that the Abbé and I are more inclined to break thro' a Point of Decency by going hence too soon, than to violate the Amity we have for you, by staying here without Necessity. Adieu, my Dear: It is needless to say I love you; you must assuredly believe it, and you need not fear believing it too much.

LETTER LXIII.

Paris, May 26, 1672.

MY Dear, I must be guilty of a Piece of Dotage not in my Power to forbear, by attempting to entertain you with a Description. I was present Yesterday at a Service performed in Honour of the Chancellor *Seguier*, at the Oratory. The Painters, the Sculptors, the Musicians, and the Orators, in a Word, the four Liberal Arts, were at the Expence of it. Nothing can be imagined finer than the Decoration: It was designed by *le Brun*. The *Mausoleum* reached to the Top of the Dome, adorned with a thousand Lamps, and with a considerable Number of Figures, proper for him in Honour of whom it was erected. Beneath were four Deaths, bearing the Marks of his Dignities, as having taken from him those Honours together with his Life. One of them held his *Mortier*, another his Ducal Coronet, another the Ensigns of

of his Order, another the Maces which had been carried before him as Chancellor. The four Sister Arts, Painting, Musick, Eloquence, and Sculpture, were represented in the deepest Distress, as deploring the Loss of their Protector. The Front of the Representation was supported by four Virtues, Fortitude, Temperance, Justice, and Religion. Above these, four Angels and four Genies received the Soul of the Deceased, and seemed prepared to display their purple Wings to bear to Heaven their precious Charge. The *Mausoleum* was adorned with a Variety of little Seraphs, who supported an illuminated Shrine which was fixed to the Top of the Cupola. Nothing was ever seen so magnificent or so well imagined; it is the Master-piece of *le Brun*. All the Church was adorned with Pictures, Devices, and Emblems, which had a Relation to the Life, or to the Office of the Chancellor; and some of his noblest Actions were represented in Painting. *Madame de Verneuil* offered to have bought all this Decoration at an excessive Price: But it was resolved by the whole Company who had contributed to it, to adorn a Gallery with it, and to consecrate it to Eternity, as a Mark of their Gratitude and their Magnificence. The Assembly was numerous and beautiful, but without Confusion. I sat next to *Mr. de Tullies*, and *Madame Colbert*. There came up a young Father of the Oration to make the Funeral Oration. I desired *Mr. de Tullies* to make him come down, and to mount the Pulpit in his Place; since no-

thing could sustain the Beauty of this pompous Shew, and the Perfection of the Musick, but the Force of his Eloquence. My Dear, this young Man trembled as he began, and all the World trembled for him. Our Ears were at first struck with an Accent not entirely free from the Rusticity of *Provence*; (he is of *Marseilles*, and is called *l'Ainé*;) But as he recovered from his Confusion, he began to display the Lustre of his Eloquence. He established himself so well in his Discourse, he gave so just a Measure of Praise to the Deceased, he touched with so much Address all the Passages where a greater Degree of Delicacy was required, he placed in so just a Light all that was most to be admired, he employed all the Charms of Expression, all the masterly Strokes of Eloquence with so much Justness and so much Gracefulness, that all the World, I say, all the World without Exception, broke out into Applauses; every One was charmed with so perfect, so finished a Performance. He is a Man of twenty-eight Years of Age, an intimate Friend of *Mr. de Tulle*, who accompanied him when he left the Assembly. We were for naming him the Chevalier *Mascaron*, and concluded he had spoke in the Person of his Friend. The Musick was fine beyond Expression. *Baptiste* made his utmost Effort, with the Assistance of all the King's Musicians. There was an Addition made to that fine *Miserere*; and there was a *Libera*, which filled the Eyes of the whole Assembly with Tears: We can scarce conceive that there

there is heard in Heaven a nobler Harmony. There were several Prelates there : I desired *Guittaut* to look for the good Bishop of *Marseilles*, but we did not see him there. I whispered to him, that if it had been the Funeral Oration of any Person living, to whom he might have made his Court by it, he would not have failed to grace the Assembly with his Presence. This little Pleasantry made us laugh, without any Regard to the Funeral Ceremony. My Dear, what a strange Kind of a Letter does this make ! I fancy I have almost lost my Senses ! What is all this pompous Narration to you ! To speak seriously, I could propose no other End in it, but to satisfy my Longing to tell you a fine Tale.

The King is at *Charleroy*, and will make a pretty long Stay there. There is no Forage yet to be found, and his large Equipage brings a Famine with it, wherever he goes. They are much embarrassed with taking the first Step of this Campaign. *Guittaut* shewed your Letter to me and the Abbé ; the Burthen of it is very obliging (* *Envoyez moi ma Mere.*) My Dear, how amiable you are ! and how agreeably you justify the excessive Tendernefs I have for you ! Alas ! I think of nothing but beginning my Journey ; leave the Care of it to me ; I will conduct every thing ; and if my Aunt continues to spin out the poor Remains of her Life to a great Length, I shall certainly set out ; you are the only Person in the World who could induce me to take a Resolution to leave her in so

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* Pray send me my Mother.

bad a Condition. I have in my Thoughts the Day when I shall part from hence, but I have not the Courage to fix upon it. To-day my Journey is concluded on; To-morrow I am irresolute. What you say, my Dear, is very true; there are Events in Life, which are even disobliging. You beg me not to think of you in changing my House, and I beg you to believe that I think of nothing else; and that you are so dear to me, that you make the whole Employment of my Heart. I shall go To-morrow and lie in that agreeable Apartment, where you may find a Place without displacing me. Ask the Marquis d'Opede his Opinion of it, he has seen it; he says he will pay you a Visit. How I envy his Happiness! I expect Letters from Pomponne. We have no First President yet. Adieu, my Dear, you are at present a Traveller, exposed to the wide World; I fear your adventurous Humour. I can neither trust to you, nor to Mr. de Grignan. It is, as you say, a strange Thing to find oneself no nearer Paris than Aix, after having gone two hundred Leagues; and at St. Pilon, after having clambered so high. There are in your Letters Passages extremely pleasant, but sometimes there are Sentences, which escape you, as obscure as those of Tacitus; I often find Occasions to make this Comparison; there is nothing more true. I embrace Grignan, and kiss his right Cheek, beneath the little tufted Mole.

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

Paris, May 30, 1672.

MY Aunt is still in a deplorable Condition; and yet we have the Courage to think of appointing a Day for parting hence, assuming a Hope which in Reality we cannot entertain. I cannot yet forbear thinking there are certain Things not ranged in good Order, among the various Events of Life; they are, as it were, rugged Stones lying across our Way, too unweildy to be removed, and which we must get over as we can, tho' it is not without Pain and Difficulty.

We have a very tragical History from *Livré*. Do you remember that pretended Devoté, who walked so steadily without turning his Head; you would have thought he was carrying a full Vessel of Water? His Devotion has turned his Brain. One Night he gave himself five or six Gashes with a Knife, and fell on his Knees in his Cell, all naked, and weltering in his Blood. They come in, and find him in this Posture. Good God! Brother, what have you done! Who has left you in such a Condition! He replied calmly, Father, I am doing a little Penance. He faints away; they lay him on a Bed; they dress his Wounds, which are found very dangerous; he is recovered with much Difficulty, and sent to his Friends.

If you do not think such a Head sufficiently disordered, tell me so, and you shall have, instead of it, that of *Madame Paul*, who is fallen desperately in Love with a great Booby, whom she had taken to be her Gardener. This Lady has managed her Affairs admirably, she has married him. The Fellow is a mere Brute, and has not common Sense; he will beat her soon, he has already threatened to do it; no matter, she was resolved to have him. I have never seen so much Passion; there is all the fine Extravagance of Sentiments imaginable, were they but rightly applied: It is like a rough Sketch of an ill Painting; all the Colours are there, they want only to be properly disposed. I am extremely diverted with the Caprices of Love; but I am afraid of myself, when I reflect on such an Attempt as this. What Insolence was it in this Passion, to attack *Madame Paul*, that is, to attack the most rigid, austere, antiquated Virtue herself in Person? Alas! where can we hope to find Security? This is a pleasant Piece of News indeed, after the agreeable Relations you have given us. I beg you not to forget Mr. *d'Harvill*, whose Heart is a Master-piece of Perfection, and who adores you. I am very impatient to hear of you and your little Son. The Weather must be extremely hot in the Climate you are in; I fear this Season for him, and for you much more; for I have never yet had any Reason to think it possible to love any thing besides, in an equal Degree with you.

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LETTER LXV.

Paris, June 6, 1672.

I Received no Letters from you Yesterday ; this is a great Affliction to me ; what comforts me most is, that you are in a Place where you cannot find any better Employment than planting Cabbages. I have been under terrible Apprehensions, in reflecting on the Dangers of your Voyage. My Aunt has this Day received the *Viaticum* once more, believing she was immediately entering on her's, to which she applied herself with an Angelical Devotion. Her Preparation, her Patience, her Resignation, are Things so much above Nature, that they ought to be considered as so many Miracles, wrought to confirm us in our Religion : She is entirely disengaged from the Earth ; her State, tho' infinitely painful, is the Thing in the World the most desirable to those who are truly Christians. She will oblige us to go our Journey, as I have already told you ; but notwithstanding we design to obey her, we sometimes apprehend that she will go before us. In a Word, we have thought of the Day ; and if I had not for some Time been accustomed not to do what I desire, I should give you Notice not to write to me any more : But this I dare not venture to do ; for I love your Letters so well, that I had rather receive them at Grignan, than fail of them here.

You

You know the Marshal *de Villeroy* has left *Lyons* and Madame *de Coulanges*, to go, like the Knight of the black Armour, into the Army of the Elector of *Cologne*, that he may have the Honour of serving the King at least in the Army of his Allies. There are different Opinions on it, whether he has done well or ill: The King does not love to be disobeyed, yet he may perhaps approve this martial Ardour; the Success will shew how we ought to judge of it.

You have had the Comedians with you: I dare answer for it, that in what Manner soever your Theatre was adorned, it was still better than that of *Paris*. I enquired about it the other Day, as I was amusing myself with *Beaulieu*; Madame, said he, there are none but Apprentices now who frequent Plays; you do not see there so much as a Page or a Footman; every Body is in the Army. If a Man appears in the Streets with a Sword by his Side, the little Children hoot at him as he passes along. Such is the Face of *Paris* at present; but it will make another Appearance in a few Months.

You say pleasantly, that you fear you should rob me of something, by polishing your Letters: I desire you to take Care not to give them any second Touch; you would make of them perfect Pieces of Eloquence. That pure Nature you describe, is precisely what is good, and what pleases beyond every thing. Keep your own amiable Wit, without debasing it by any foreign Mixture. If there are Eyes more sharp or more piercing than

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than yours, yet none could be more becoming in that lovely System of Features where they shine with such a pleasing Lustre.

I shall send you Word that I am parting from hence, at a Time when you least think of it. *Mademoiselle de Villeroi* is grown better. There is no better News than what I send you : I always enquire after News, and every One takes a Pleasure in telling it me, because they know I do not enquire for myself. I am in Pain, my Dear, about the Symptoms your Fever has left behind it. It is impossible for me not to wish for To-morrow, that I might hear from you. I embrace you with an extreme Tenderness.

LETTER LXVI.

Paris, June 13, 1672.

ALAS, my Dear, you have been very ill ; I understand this Distemper, and I fear it, as one of those that give us the most terrible Apprehensions. I confess to you, I should have been under an extreme Inquietude, had not *Mr. de Grignan* had the Goodness to write to me : But he loves you so passionately, that I conclude he would not have been in a Condition to think of relieving my Fear, if you had been a Moment in Danger. I expect To-morrow with Impatience ; and I hope you will tell me yourself how you do, and why you have been angry ; I am very much an Enemy to those who have given you Reason to be so.

Here

Here is a Letter of my Son's, which will divert you. You will be pleased with the Accounts he gives us of what passes in the Army. You will see that the King is so perfectly happy, that for the future he will only need to say what he desires to have done in *Europe*, without being at the Trouble of going himself at the Head of his Army; and every One will think themselves happy in obeying his Orders. I am well assured he will pass the *Iffel* with as much Ease as the *Seine*. Terror every where prepares the Way for Victory; the Joy of all the Courtiers is a good Augury. *Branca*s writes, that they laugh without ceasing from Morning till Night: He has writ a little History that I must transmit to you.

Immediately upon the Death of the old *Bourdeille*, Mr. *de Montausier* writ to the King, to ask of him the Charge of *Seneschal de Poitou* for Mr. *de Rosières* his Brother-in-Law: The King granted it to him; a little after the young *Mata* demanded it, and told the King, that this Charge had been a long Time in their Family. The King writ to Mr. *de Montausier*, and desired him to give up this Post, and promised to give some other Thing to Mr. *de Rosières*. Mr. *de Montausier* writ back to his Majesty that, for his Part, he should be extremely glad to have it in his Power to yield it up; but that his Brother-in-Law having already received the Compliments of the Province, it was impossible; and that his Majesty might provide in some other Manner for the young *Mata*. The King

King was piqued at it, and bit his Lips : Well, said he, I leave it to him for three Years ; but after that I give it to the little *Mata*, with whom it shall always remain. This Accident is very unfortunate for Mr. *de Montausier*.

I should have writ this to Mr. *de Grignan*, but it is the same Thing ; these two Letters are writ equally to you both, and are not equivalent to one good One. You will not have One of *Provence* for a First President ; I am well assured of it. The Bishop of *Marseilles* came to see me Yesterday with the Marquis *de Vence*, and two Deputies ; I thought he had been going to make me a Harangue. Adieu, my Dear ; this is a very impertinent Letter ; I should do well to sleep, and recover my Senses.

LETTER LXVII.

Paris, June 17, 1672.

AS soon as I had sent away my Paquet, I heard a melancholy Piece of News, the Particulars of which I cannot give you, because I am not yet informed of them ; all that I have heard, is, that Mr. *de Longueville* was killed in passing the *Issel* under the Command of the Prince. We are oppressed with Grief at this ill News. We were at *Madame de Fayette's* with Mr. *de la Rochefoucault*, when we first heard of it. At the same Time we were told, that Mr. *de Marsillac* was wounded, and that the Chevalier *de Marsillac*

sillac died of his Wound. This Storm fell on him in my Presence; he was deeply afflicted with it; his Tears flowed from his Heart, but his Firmness of Mind prevented any unmanly Expression of his Grief.

After hearing such News, I had not the Patience to enquire any thing farther. I flew to Madame *de Pomponne's*, who reminded me, that my Son was in the Army of the King, which had no Part in this Action; it was reserved for the Prince, who passed the River and repassed it twice or thrice in a little Boat, with a heroic Sedateness of Soul, giving his Orders every where with that divine Courage we all admire in him, notwithstanding he had received a Wound in his Hand. It is said, that *Guittri* and *Nogent* were drowned, that Mr. *de la Feuillade* and *Roquelaure* were wounded, and several others whom we have not heard of. Mr. *de Longueville* forced the Barrier; he was killed the first upon the Spot. Mr. *de Marillac* was wounded with a Musquet-shot in the Shoulder, and in the Cheek, but the Bone is not hurt. After this first Difficulty they find no more Enemies; they are all retired into their Fortresses. Adieu, my Dear; my Mind is under some Disturbance. Tho' my Son be in the King's Army, there are so many other Opportunities of signalizing his Valour, that it makes me die with Fear.

LETTER

LETTER LXVIII.

Paris, June 29, 1672.

IT is impossible to represent to me the Condition you have been in, without causing in me an extreme Emotion ; and tho' I know that you are out of Danger, Heaven be praised for it, yet I cannot turn my Eyes on what is passed, without a Horror that gives me the utmost Disorder. Alas ! how ill I was informed of a Health that was so dear to me ! If any One had told me at that Time, that my Daughter was in greater Danger than if she had been in the Army ! Alas ! I was far from thinking it ! Must I suffer this Grief, at a Time when my Heart is oppressed with so many other Distresses ! The extreme Danger my Son is in ; the War, which rages every Day with greater Violence ; the Couriers, who bring no other News but the Death of some Friend or Acquaintance, and may bring us Accounts yet more fatal ; the Fear of hearing ill News, and yet the Curiosity of enquiring after it ; the Desolation of those who are in all the Excess of Grief, and with whom I pass a great Part of my Life ; the strange State of Health my Aunt lies under, and my extreme Desire of seeing you : All this afflicts and consumes me ; and forces me to lead a Life so contrary to my Inclination, that I have need of a great Stock of Health to support it.

You

You have never seen *Paris* in such a Desolation ; all the World is in Tears, or fears to be so. The Mind sickens with Grief at the Thought of the poor unfortunate *Nogent*. Madame *de Longueville* pierces every Heart with her Complaints. I have not seen her, but this is what I have heard of it. Mademoiselle *de Vertus* returned two Days since from *Port-Royal*, where she usually resides. They sent for her and Mr. *Arnauld* to impart this terrible News. The very Sight of Mademoiselle *de Vertus* was sufficient ; her sudden Return was too sure a Sign that some fatal Accident had happened. In Effect, as soon as she appeared — Ah ! Mademoiselle, how is it with my Brother ? She did not dare, even in Thought, to make any further Demand. Madame, he is recovered of his Wound — there has been a Battle — And my Son ? — They answered her nothing. Ah ! Mademoiselle, my Son, my dear Son ! answer me ; Was he killed on the Spot ? Had he not one little Moment ? Ah, my God ! what a Sacrifice is this ! Upon this, she threw herself on her Bed, and expressing whatever the most lively Sorrow can represent, by Faintings, by Convulsions, by a Silence of mortal Despair, by Cries stifled by sudden Sentiments of Passion, by Floods of bitter Tears, by Eyes lifted to Heaven, and by tender piteous Plaints, she passed through all the Extremes of Grief. She sees a few Friends ; and in pure Submission to Providence, consents to receive from them such Nourishment as suffices to sustain her Life.

Life. She has no Repose; her Health, before in a declining State, is visibly altered. For my Part, I think her Death is to be wished, not being able to comprehend that she can live after such a Loss. There is a certain Gentleman who is not less touched with it; I cannot forbear thinking, that if they had met, in the first Moments of their Grief, and had been alone together, all other Sentiments had given Place to Sighs and Tears, redoubled without Intermision; there had been a dumb Scene of Sorrow, a Dialogue of inarticulate Sighs and Groans. This is a Vision of mine. But, my Dear, how great an Affliction is this. His very Mistresses do not constrain themselves; his poor Domesticks are disconsolate; and his Gentleman, who came Yesterday with the ill News, scarce appears a reasonable Creature. This mournful Death effaces all others.

A Courier, who arrived Yesterday, brings an Account of the Death of the Comte *du Plessis*, who was killed by a Cannon-shot, as he was giving Directions for making a Bridge. *Arnheim* is besieged: They did not attack the Fort of *Skeing*, because there were eight thousand Men within it. Alas! these successful Beginnings will be followed with a Tragical End for a great Number of Families. May Heaven preserve my Son! He was not upon this Expedition: If there be any thing good in such a hazardous Profession, it is the having such a Post as he has.

In the midst of our Afflictions, the Description you have given me of Madame
Colonne

Colonne and her Sister, is something divine ; it inspires an Air of Joy and Gaiety under the most melancholy Circumstances : It is an admirable Picture. The Comtesse *de Soissons*, and Madame *de Bouillon*, are downright angry with these Indiscreets ; they say they ought to be confined ; they declare loudly against this extravagant Folly. It is not thought that the King will disoblige Mr. *le Connétable*, who is certainly one of the greatest Men in *Rome*. In the mean time, we are in Expectation of seeing her arrive here like *Mademoiselle de l'Etoile* ; this Comparison is admirable.

These are the best Accounts I have to give you ; you will find by all those you receive, that Mr. *de Longueville* has been the Cause of his own Death, and of the Death of several others ; and that the Prince has appeared in all this Expedition, rather as a Father, than as a General of an Army. I said Yesterday, and others came into my Sentiments, that if the War continues, the Duke will certainly occasion the Death of the Prince ; his Love for him surpasses every other Passion.

La Maran affects to appear oppressed with Grief. She says, that she sees very plainly that there is something in the News from the Army, which is concealed from her ; and that her Interests are mingled with those of the Prince, the Duke, and those of Mr. *de Longueville*. She conjures People, by all that is sacred, to speak out, and not to spare her ; and tells them, that in her deplorable Condition, it is in vain to hide any thing from her.

her. If it were possible for us to laugh in these Circumstances, we should laugh at her. Alas ! if she knew how little any of us think of concealing any thing from her, and how much every One is taken up with their own Grievs and Fears, she would not have the Vanity to believe we had so much Application to deceive her.

The News I send you, comes from a good Hand ; I have it from *Gourville*, who was with *Madame de Longueville* when she heard of her Son's Death. All the Couriers come directly to him. *Mr. de Longueville* had made his Will before he parted from hence. He leaves a great Part of his Estate to a Son he has, who, as I believe, will take the Title of the Chevalier * *d'Orleans*. Do you know how they have disposed of the Body of *Mr. de Longueville* ? It is laid in the same Boat in which he passed the River. Within two Hours after, the Prince, touched with a sensible Grief, ordered him to be brought into his Presence, and covered with a Mantle. The Prince was wounded himself, and several others ; so that their Return from this Attack was the most melancholy Thing in the World. They are all together in a Town on this Side the *Rhine*, which they passed to get their Wounds dressed. They say, the Chevalier *de Monchevrail*, who was in the Party with *Mr. de Longueville*, did not come with them ; but that they were binding up

* He appeared under the Name of the Chevalier *de Longueville* ; and was accidentally killed at *Philisbourg* by a Soldier, who was shooting at a Snipe.

a Wound which he received as he stood next to him.

I have received a Letter from my Son: He was not in this Expedition, but he is to be in another. What Security can be looked for in such a Profession? He is extremely concerned about Mr. *de Longueville*. I advise you to write to Mr. *de la Rochefoucault*, on the Death of his Chevalier, and on the Wound of Mr. *de Marillac*. I have seen his Heart unveiled on this cruel Accident: He is of the first Rank of all that I have ever seen, for Constancy, Worth, Tenderneſs, and good Senſe; I count for nothing, in Compariſon with theſe noble Qualities, his entertaining Wit, and extreme Pleaſantry of Humour. I will not amuſe myſelf at preſent with telling you how well I love you. I embrace Mr. *de Grignan*, and the Coadjutor.

LETTER LXIX.

Livré, Sunday, July 3, 1672.

I Am vexed at your loſing one of my Paquets; as they were filled with News, this puts you out of the Order of Affairs, and breaks off the Thread of your Knowledge of what paſſes. You muſt, doubtleſs, have had very exact Relations, which may make you comprehend that *l'Iſſel* was ill defended. The great Wonder is, our having paſſed it ſwimming. The Prince and his *Argonauts* were in a Boat; and the Squadron whom they

they were to attack, demanded Quarter; but by Misfortune, Mr. *de Longueville*, who doubtless did not hear it, pushed on by a warlike Ardour, mounts his Horse, which he led by a Rein after him; and, ambitious of being the first, opens the Barricade behind which they were intrenched, and kills the first Man he met. At the same Instant he is pierced with five or six Wounds. MONSIEUR the Duke follows him; MONSIEUR the Prince follows him; and all the rest follow MONSIEUR the Prince. This was the Occasion of a horrible Butchery; which, as you see, they would have avoided, if they had known the Desire those Gentlemen had of yielding. But every thing is marked down in the Order of Providence.

Mr. the Comte *de Guiche* performed an Action, the Success of which covers him with Glory; if it had succeeded otherwise, he would have been highly criminal. He was sent to discover whether the River was fordable or not; he gave his Opinion that it was, tho' it is probable he well knew the contrary. Whole Squadrons swam over on Horse-back, without breaking their Ranks: It is true, he was himself at the Head of them. This was never hazarded before; it succeeds; he envelops the Squadrons of the Enemy, and forces them to yield. You see that his Fortune and his Valour were not separated. But you must doubtless have had very heroical Relations of this daring Adventure.

The Chevalier *de Nantouillet* was fallen from his Horse; he sinks to the Bottom, and comes again above Water; he sinks again, and appears a second Time above the Stream. At last, he luckily meets with a Horse's Tail, and gets hold of it; the Horse brings him ashore, he mounts, he rushes into the Thickest of the Battle, he receives two Shots in his Hat, and comes off gay and victorious. An enchanted Hero could not appear more careless and unconcerned: He puts me in Mind of * *Orontes* Prince of the *Massagetes*.

It is certainly true, that Mr. *de Longueville* had been at Confession before he parted from hence. As he never boasted of any thing, he did not even acquaint his own Mother with it; but it is found so true, that Madame *de Longueville* can have no Doubt of it. How great a Consolation must this be to her! He bestowed great Sums in Purposes of Charity and Liberality, which none knew of, and which were given on Condition they should be kept secret. No humane Virtue was ever more solid than his: He wanted, in the common Opinion, higher Views, that is to say, Pride, Vanity, and Haughtiness: But certainly none ever approached nearer to Perfection. He was above Praise; if People were satisfied with his Conduct, that was enough for him. I frequently see Persons who have not yet recovered from their Concern for the Loss of him; but, as for the Generality, it is a Thing already forgotten. This melancholy News was only Matter of Grief

Grief for three or four Days; the Regret of the Publick for the Loss of † *MADAME* continued much longer.

The particular Interests every One has in what passes in the Army, hinder them from giving much Attention to the Misfortunes of others. Since the first Engagement, there has been no Talk of any thing but Cities surrendered, and of the Arrival of Deputies to desire the Favour of being received amongst his Majesty's newly-conquered Subjects. Do not forget to write a Line or two to *la Troche*, upon his Son's having distinguished himself at the Passage of the River: He has been commended in the Presence of the King, as one of the forwardest in that adventurous Action. There is no Probability that the Enemy will defend themselves against such a victorious Army. The *French* are certainly very fine Soldiers; every thing must yield to the noble Rashness of their Attempts. After this new Proof of their Success, no River can serve for a Defence against their excessive Valour.

Adieu, my Dear: Pardon the Concern I have been under, for having been two Posts without receiving any Letters from you; I now expect only one more. Your Letters are so agreeable, that the Want of them can be recompensed by nothing except yourself.

† The Princess *de Conti*

LETTER LXX.

Paris, July 8, 1672.

I Have been at *St. Maur* to take my Leave, but I had not the Power to do it : For, without Vanity, the Delicacy of *Madame de la Fayette* is such, that she cannot bear without Emotion the Loss of a Friend like me ; these are her Words, not mine. I went thither with *Mr. de la Rochefoucault*, who shewed me the Letter you writ to him, which is a very fine one : In his Opinion, Nobody writes better than you ; I believe his Taste will not be disputed. We had a great deal of Discourse upon the Road ; at our Return we met with *Mademoiselle de la Rochefoucault*, and *Gourville*, who, by the Stroke of a Wand, made an admirable Supper spring out of the Ground for us. The next Day, *la Troche* and the *Abbé Arnauld* came to visit me, and found me making up my Paquets.

My Son has writ to me in such a Stile, as if he counted on it that he had already seen the Campaign happily ended, and was safely arrived at *Grignan*. He says, every thing has yielded an entire Submission to the King, and that *Grotius* is arrived at the Camp, to conclude a Treaty of Peace. If he returns so soon as it is expected, my Son intends to come to us at *Grignan*. He entertains me much with speaking of you ; when you write to him, desire him to make us this agreeable Visit.

There

There are a great Number of Ladies in Tears for the Death of Mr. *de Longueville*, who make a Profession of Grief on so just an Occasion ridiculous. They all of them affect to have Conversations with Mr. *de la Rochefoucault*; but he who fears acting a ridiculous Part more than any thing in the World, has sent them to look for Comforters elsewhere.

La Maran affects to appear oppressed with Grief. It is ten Months since she has seen her Sister; they are very ill together. She was there three Days since in a Mask; and without saying any thing to introduce the Discourse, or so much as unmasking, though her Sister immediately knew her, she burst into Tears, and begun thus; Dear Sister, I am come to beg you to tell me, how you found yourself upon the Death of your Lover *Castellan*. Did you weep long? Were you utterly unable to sleep? Did you feel a perpetual Heaviness at your Heart? This was very cruel: How could you bear it! Did you never admit of Company? Were you not in a Condition to amuse yourself with Reading? Did you never go Abroad? Dear! how melancholy it is! How can One support the Thoughts of it! I leave you to imagine, what pretty passionate Exclamations she made. Her Sister made her such an Answer as she thought proper; and flew to Mr. *de la Rochefoucault* to describe this pleasant Scene to him; who would have laughed at it, if any thing had been capable of diverting him. For our Parts, we all
thought

thought it a Folly worthy of her, and not inferior to that fine Adventure of her's, when she went to visit the good Man *d'Andilli*, fancying him to be the Druid *Adamas*, to whom the Shepherdesses of *Lignon* resorted to relate their amorous Distresses, and to receive Consolation from him. I thought this History would divert you, as it did us.

La Castelnau is comforted for the Loss of Mr. *de Longueville*; she has been told, that he once said to *Ninon*, Pray Mademoiselle, cannot you deliver me from the Persecution of this fat Marchioness *de Castelnau*? Upon this, she has resumed her Gaiety so far as to divert herself with Dancing. As for the Marchioness *d'Uxelles*, her Affliction is that of a true and hearty Friend. The little Son of Mr. *de Longueville* is the very same dear Angel, of whom you have heard so much; it is one of the finest Histories of our Days. I believe you will not forget to write to my Cousin *de la Trousse*; whose Grief, and Merit, with Regard to the Care she has taken of the Mother of this little Angel, is above the highest Praises.

I know of no particular News: They still continue to assure us of the Peace, and of the entire Conquest of *Holland*.

The End of the First Volume.